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AMONG THE FARMERS.

"SPEED THE PLOW."

Correspondence on practical agricultural topics is solicited. Address all communications intended for this department to HENRY D. HAMMOND, Agricultural Editor Oxford Democrat, Paris, Me.

We'll Keep the Little Farm.

We'll, Jane, I guess we'll keep the place,
We've lived here, you and I,
Upon this little farm so long,
Let's stay here till we die.
You know I thought I'd sell it once
To Jones, or Deacon Brown,
And take the money we have saved
And buy a house in town.
But when the buds begin to swell,
And grass begins to grow,
Somehow it doesn't seem to me
I ought to let it go.

I love the crimson clover,
And the fields of waving corn;
The quiet, balmy evening
And the fragrant dewy morn;
The pink and snowy blossoms
Hanging on the apple trees;
The chirping of the crickets,
And the humming of the bees.

I love the summer's honey breath,
The blushing buds of May;
The teeming autumn, rich with fruit
The scent of new-mown hay;
The noisy babble of the brook,
And laughter of the rill;
The lowing herds upon the heath,
And flocks upon the hill.
And when I think of leaving all,
It fills me with alarm;
So, after all, I guess it's best,
To keep the little farm.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WEEKLY.

Summer Vacations.

All the magazines are filled with descriptions of delightful little holiday trips lasting from a week to four months—some of the articles made up of nothing but photographs. But they are all intended for city people. No one expects the farmer to take a vacation, for the summer is his busy time. Yet why shouldn't we have vacations? Who works harder than we do? There is much truth in the saying that a man can accomplish more by working eleven months and resting one month than he can by working twelve months. I suppose some will say they can't afford to go off for a change. But they will find it cheaper than staying home. In actual dollars and cents they may spend a bit more, but they will gain so much by seeing new things and people, in renewed spirits, in the pleasure they will give their families, that after once trying it they will never go back to the old way again.

Some friends of mine whose income does not exceed $1200 a year (and they have to pay rent out of that) manage to get away for a week every year. They put a few simple things in a grip and go up to the Adirondacks, where they board with a guide's family for $6 a week a piece and $4 for the little girl. Here they have good things to eat, plenty of fishing, boating and no end of lovely walks. The trip up and back cost them $6.12 and their board $16. This they lay aside each year as a part of their regular expenses.

Many of us are so situated that we could easily raise this money and if necessary a little more. How? Well, in various ways. Here is one: Suppose you have a flock of 100 hens. By caring for them a little better you could no doubt raise the average number of eggs so as to get twelve more from each hen. At 2 cents each that would give you $24, and a dozen extra cockrels sold would bring in $6 more, making the required amount. Again, you could fatten a steer every year which would bring in about $25 or $30; or raise a few lambs each year that would average about $7 in the open market. I should like to hear what some other farmers have to say, especially what some one else has done along the line of solving the vacation problem.—Cor. in Country Gentleman.

High Prices for Grain.

There can be little question but prices for grain products will rule comparatively high for the next twelve months, and farmers may well lay plans and make calculations accordingly. As far as the grain crops of this country are concerned, while wheat and oats will be short of last year, and corn cannot so overcome the unfavorable conditions of the season thus far as to anywhere near reach the bumper crop of a year ago, yet without doubt there will be more of each of these grains realized in the harvest than will be needed for our home consumption. So there can be no shortage of a needed home supply. But the price of grain in this country is usually controlled by the selling value of our surplus. There is no room for doubt that the European crop of grain, especially of winter wheat will be short in the extreme. This is sure to create a sharp demand and correspondingly high prices for the surplus we may have to spare. It is this condition that was the principal cause of the recent sharp advance in market values.

The June government reports of the grain crop prospects are more favorable than for the previous month, and thus do not indicate any sensational jumps in prices, but at the same time, with it settled as good as certain that our crop cannot be a full one, and that the demand abroad will be heavy, it is safe to conclude that buyers of grain feed need not look for lower prices for a year to come.—Maine Farmer.

Henhouse and Front Yard.

Get that old barrel, that old bedstead, that old plough and all other rubbish out of your henhouse. The henhouse is no place to keep tools or to store furniture. Then spray every corner, every crack and every crevice with a strong solution of zenoleum. Then whitewash inside and out. Spray the floor, put in new straw, clean up the grounds and make arrangements to spray some more next week.

One of the most disagreeable sights one runs across is a bare, bleak, dirty front yard, with about thirty or forty dirty or lousy, half starved chickens, ducklings and goslins running around the house and upon the porch. Such a sight will sicken any refined person of the poultry business. Fowls reared in such a way are not profitable.

Poultry should not be fed near the house nor upon the porch. Feed back away from the house. Set the watering dishes back away from the path. If necessary, fence your fowls out of the front yard. Neatness about the place is of the greatest importance. Keep your dooryard in order. Give your fowls plenty of clear space in the backyard. Sow grass seed, sow plenty of it, and keep sowing until you get a good stand. Sow it in the back yard and in the front yard. Cut down the dog fennel; clean up, and your fowls will be less of a nuisance and will yield you more profit.—Cor. in Tribune Farmer.

Poultry Pays Everywhere.

An enterprising poultryman of Kansas has gone to South Africa and established one of the largest poultry farms in existence. His name is J. H. Hildebrand, and, having a refrigerator car of his own, he supplies Cape Town and numerous other large places in that part of the country. It is estimated that fully 5,000 chicks on an average are incubated there weekly.

If it was generally realized how great is the value of poultry droppings, there would be more care about cleaning out, saving and using the litter from the henhouse. Experiments have proved that poultry droppings possess more fertilizing value than most other manures. Keep under cover until hauled afield.

Destroy all vessels that have held paint. Empty paint cans scattered about the yard catch rain water; chickens and older fowls drink from them and are poisoned. It is curious that hens will leave a clean fountain full of fresh water to drink from a stagnant pool, but some of them will.

Notes from Maine.

RAPID TRANSITION FROM COLD TO SUMMER HEAT—NATURE'S QUICK RESPONSE.

After one of the most cold and backward springs ever known, we are now in the midst of summer heat and showers, conditions which tend to force all vegetation to a rapid growth. I have never known corn and potatoes to come up so quickly or so well as they have this spring. Portions of the sweet corn at The Pines were standing, every hill well out of the ground, with leaves well spread, in one week from planting. Oats have suffered some from dry weather, but the copious showers will give them new life and start them to growing rapidly. The stand of grass and clover was never better than that secured this season, and I am anticipating much pleasure from the fine growth of clover that must surely follow the taking off of the oats crop. We sowed about four hundred pounds of high grade fertilizer an acre on the oats ground, which, in addition to the manure and fertilizer used on the corn and with the extra tillage, has put the soil in fine condition.

Grass, although late, promises a full hay crop. There are no vacant spots from winter killing, and very little of the fields shows an absence of clover blossoms. Our one great pest—the crows—have been with us again. Neither guns, fires, images nor other "scarecrows" had any effect. We therefore adopted heroic measures, stationing a man in the field all the time from daylight to dark. After a few days of this treatment they took the hint, but not till several of their number had paid the penalty of their folly with their lives. The corn is now out of their reach, and we can again "lie in bed till 'tis fairly light."—B. Walker McKeen in Tribune Farmer.

The Swineherd.

Cleanly conditions help to ward off cholera.

If the brood sow is too fat, the pigs are apt to lack vigor.

There is a better market for medium sized hogs than for those that are overgrown.

Do not forget to give the pigs some wood ashes, as they greatly assist in building the framework by furnishing the lime, as ashes are more than 40 per cent lime. It also helps to sweeten the stomach.

In selecting pigs to keep for breeders pick the sow with the longest body.

Care and feed of the pig from birth to maturity are the secret of success and profit.

A good boar will add quality to your future porkers faster than anything else.

The boar is half the herd, but the other half is equally important.

The ill bred sow, like the ill bred cow, produces poor progeny.

During the first months of a pig's life growth and increased weight can be made cheaper or with less feed than at any time later on in life.—Farmers Advocate.

Give the brood sows warm, dry sleeping quarters. Be sure that there are no drafts in the pens. Hogs are subject to pneumonia if exposed to cold and drafts.

The sanitation of the piggery should be guarded as carefully as the sanitation of a hospital. Damp and ill ventilated sleeping quarters are fatal to pigs, and unless the owner will see to it that hogs always have a dry and well ventilated place to sleep he had much better keep out of the business.

Too heavy a feeding in the first few days to a strong sow in good condition induces scours in the piglings and perhaps graver dirorders in the sow herself, says a Canadian breeder. Corn meal should be used with caution during the first three weeks after farrowing. After that not much caution is needed. For the first three weeks after farrowing there is nothing better than middlings fed either in diluted skim milk or water. It is advisable to feed warm foods in all cases. Cold water direct from a well or spring should not be used for mixing the food. For the first two weeks we like to scald the meal into a thick porridge and then dilute with water or with milk and water.

Grass Report from Connecticut.

On the third day of June, 1905, after thorough cultivation of the soil, I sowed three and one-half acres of high and dry abandoned New England field to alfalfa. In fifty-three days from the time it was sown I cut one and one-half tons of dry hay to the acre, and in fifty-three days more the same amount was cut again; in the season of 1906 I cut four crops of one and one-half tons of dry hay to each acre, making in all thirty tons in six crops. In 1905-6 I used only commercial fertilizer. This spring I put about four or five cords of decomposed yard manure on each acre, using a Richardson manure spreader to drop it evenly. The spring has been so backward that the first crop didn't mature until the 18th of June. I was fortunate enough to have seven clear days, and put in the first crop, 10 1-2 tons from the 3 1-2 acres, in fine condition the 7th day after cutting, substantially 3 tons to the acre, some more and some less, seven crops in substantially two years, total nearly 41 tons. After cutting each crop, I have set my double action harrow at a light angle and gone over the field each way with it, sowing a little more seed each time. Each crop has grown stronger, this last being double any other. It is now growing an inch per day.

The grass crop of every kind in this section is light because of continued cold weather. Last year the two crops from the 11-acre field of timothy and red-top, together with the four crops from the 3 1-2 acres of alfalfa, amounted to 102 tons. In a short time I expect to commence cutting my 8-acre timothy and red-top field, and will then report results. If Farmer readers will send me a two-cent stamp, I will tell them how to grow grass on the intensive plan.—Cor. in Maine Farmer.

The Profitable Hog.

Experience will determine each man's preference. If a hog is wanted that will attain to a great size, is quiet, in fact rather lazy and sluggish, that will fatten readily at any age and make good use of the feed given him, the Poland-China or the Chester White will fill the bill, writes J. Al Dobie in the National Stockman and Farmer. But the Poland-China is prone to small litters, and the Chester White is prone to skin diseases in winter unless well housed and clean bedded. I have raised hundreds by crossing the Chester female to the Poland-China male and the combination is very hard to beat. Some strains of the Duroc-Jerseys approached nearer to perfection than any I have ever tried, and some approached too nearly to the old wood hog. A cross betweenn the Poland-China male and Duroc female is the best all round pork producer I have ever tried.

Produce the Best.

Once started in the right direction a farmer can produce a good grade of cattle almost as cheaply as he can grow scrubs. Good pure bred bulls of all the leading beef breeds can be purchased at reasonable prices, and there is not the slightest excuse for the keeping of a scrub bull at the head of any herd. With first class cattle as much profit can be made with a smaller investment for land, cattle, feed and labor than can be produced with a large outlay in feeding inferior stock. In every department of agriculture it pays to produce the best, and this is especially true with respect to live stock.

The Trial, Execution and Burial of Homer Phelps

By STEPHEN CRANE,
Author of "The Red Badge of Courage," Etc.

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FROM time to time an enwearied pine bough let fall to the earth its load of melting snow, and the branch swung back, glistening in the faint wintry sunlight. Down the gulch a brook clattered amid its ice with the sound of a perpetual breaking of glass. All the forest looked drenched and forlorn.

The skyline was a ragged inclosure of gray cliffs and hemlocks and pines. If one had been miraculously set down in this gulch one could have imagined easily that the nearest human habitation was hundreds of miles away if it were not for an old half discernible wood road that led toward the brook.

"Halt! Who's there?"

This low and gruff cry suddenly dispelled the stillness which lay upon the lonely gulch, but the hush which followed it seemed even more profound. The hush endured for some seconds, and then the voice of the challenger was again raised, this time with a distinctly querulous note in it.

"Halt! Who's there? Why don't you answer when I holler? Don't you know you're likely to get shot?"

A second voice answered, "Oh, you knew who I was easy enough."

"That don't make no diff'rence." One of the Margate twins stepped from a thicket and confronted Homer Phelps on the old wood road. The majestic scowl of official wrath was upon the brow of Reeves Margate, a long stick was held in the hollow of his arm as one would hold a rifle, and he strode grimly to the other boy. "That don't make no diff'rence. You've got to answer when I holler anyhow. Willie says so."

At the mention of the dread chieftain's name the Phelps boy daunted a trifle, but he still sulkily murmured. "Well, you knew it was me."

He started on his way through the snow, but the twin sturdily blocked the path. "You can't pass less'n you give the countersign."

"Huh?" said the Phelps boy. "Countersign?"

"Yes—countersign," sneered the twin, strong in his sense of virtue.

But the Phelps boy became very angry. "Can't I, hey? Can't I, hey? I'll show you whether I can or not! I'll show you, Reeves Margate!"

There was a short scuffle, and then arose the anguished clamor of the sentry: "Hey, fellers! Here's a man tryin' to run a-past the guard! Hey, fellers! Hey!"

There was a great noise in the adjacent underbrush. The voice of Willie could be heard exhorting his followers to charge swiftly and bravely. Then they appeared—Willie Dalzel, Jimmie Trescott, the other Margate twin and Dan Earl. The chieftain's face was dark with wrath. "What's the matter? Can't you play it right? Ain't you got any sense?" he asked the Phelps boy.

The sentry was yelling out his grievance. "Now—he came along, an' I hollered at 'im, an' he didn't pay no 'tention, an' when I ast 'im for the countersign he wouldn't say nothin'. That ain't no way."

"Can't you play it right?" asked the chief again, with gloomy scorn.

"He knew it was me easy enough," said the Phelps boy.

"That ain't got nothin' to do with it!" cried the chief furiously. "That ain't got nothin' to do with it. If you're goin' to play, you've got to play it right. It ain't no fun if you go spoilin' the whole thing this way. Can't you play it right?"

"I forgot the countersign," lied the culprit weakly.

Whereupon the remainder of the band yelled out, with one triumphant voice: "War to the knife! War to the knife! I remember it, Willie. Don't I, Willie?"

The leader was puzzled. Evidently he was trying to develop in his mind a plan for dealing correctly with this unusual incident. He felt, no doubt, that he must proceed according to the books, but unfortunately the books did not cover the point precisely. However, he finally said to Homer Phelps, "You are under arrest!" Then with a stentorian voice he shouted, "Seize him!"

His loyal followers looked startled for a brief moment, but directly they began to move upon the Phelps boy. The latter clearly did not intend to be seized. He backed away, expostulating wildly. He even seemed somewhat frightened. "No, no! Don't you touch me, I tell you; don't you dare touch me!"

The others did not seem anxious to engage. They moved slowly, watching the desperate light in his eyes. The chieftain stood with folded arms, his face growing darker and darker with impatience. At length he burst out: "Oh, seize him, I tell you! Why don't you seize him? Grab him by the leg, Dannie! Hurry up, all of you! Seize him, I keep a-sayin'!"

Thus adjured, the Margate twins and Dan Earl made another pained effort, while Jimmie Trescott maneuvered to cut off a retreat. But, to tell the truth, there was a boyish law which held them back from laying hands of violence upon little Phelps under these conditions. Perhaps it was because they were only playing, whereas he was now undeniably serious. At any rate, they looked very sick of their occupation.

"Don't you dare!" snarled the Phelps boy, facing first one and then the other. He was almost in tears. "Don't you dare touch me!"

The chieftain was now hopping with exasperation. "Oh, seize him, can't you? You're no good at all!" Then he loosed his wrath upon the Phelps boy. "Stand still, Homer, can't you? You've got to be seized, you know. That ain't the way. It ain't any fun if you keep a-dodgin' that way. Stand still, can't you! You've got to be seized!"

"I don't want to be seized!" retorted the Phelps boy, obstinate and bitter.

"But you've got to be seized!" yelled the maddened chief. "Don't you see? That's the way to play it."

The Phelps boy answered promptly, "But I don't want to play that way."

"But that's the right way to play it. Don't you see? You've got to play it the right way. You've got to be seized, an' then we'll hold a trial on you, an'—an' all sorts of things."

But this prospect held no illusions for the Phelps boy. He continued doggedly to repeat, "I don't want to play that way!"

Of course in the end the chief stooped to beg and beseech this unreasonable lad. "Oh, come on, Homer! Don't be so mean. You're a-spoilin' everything. We won't hurt you any. Not the tiniest bit. It's all just playin'. What's the matter with you?"

The different tone of the leader made an immediate impression upon the other. He showed some signs of the beginning of weakness. "Well," he asked, "what you goin' to do?"

"Why, first we're goin' to put you in a dungeon or tie you to a stake or something like that—just pertend, you know," added the chief hurriedly, "an' then we'll hold a trial, awful solemn, but there won't be anything what'll hurt you. Not a thing."

And so the game was readjusted. The Phelps boy was marched off between Dan Earl and a Margate twin. The party proceeded to their camp, which was hidden some hundred feet back in the thickets. There was a miserable little hut with a pine bark roof which so frankly and constantly leaked that existence in the open air was always preferable. At present it was noisily dripping melted snow into the black moldy interior. In front of this hut a feeble fire was flickering through its unhappy career. Underfoot the watery snow was of the color of lead.

The party having arrived at the camp, the chief leaned against a tree and, balancing on one foot, drew off a rubber boot. From this boot he emptied about a quart of snow. He squeezed his stocking, which had a hole from which protruded a lobster red toe. He resumed his boot. "Bring up the prisoner," said he. They did it. "Guilty or not guilty?" he asked.

"Huh?" said the Phelps boy.

"Guilty or not guilty?" demanded the chief peremptorily. "Guilty or not guilty? Don't you understand?"

Homer Phelps looked profoundly puzzled. "Guilty or not guilty?" he asked slowly and weakly.

The chief made a swift gesture and turned in despair to the others. "Oh he don't do it right! He does it all wrong!" He again faced the prisoner with an air of making a last attempt. "Now, look-a-here, Homer, when I say 'Guilty or not guilty?' you want to up an' say, 'Not guilty.' Don't you see?"

"Not guilty," said Homer at once.

"No, no, no. Wait till I ask you. Now wait." He called out pompously, "Pards, if this prisoner before us is guilty, what shall be his fate?"

All those well trained little infants with one voice sang out, "Death!"

"Prisoner," continued the chief, "are you guilty or not guilty?"

"But look-a-here," argued Homer "you said it wouldn't be nothin' that would hurt. I"—

"Thunder an' lightnin'!" roared the wretched chief. "Keep your mouth shut, can't ye? What in the mischief"—

But there was an interruption from Jimmie Trescott, who shouldered a

From this boot he emptied about a quart of snow.

twin aside and stepped to the front. "Here," he said, very contemptuously, "let me be the prisoner. I'll show 'im how to do it."

"All right, Jim," cried the chief, delighted. "You be the prisoner then. Now all you fellers with guns stand there in a row! Get out of the way, Homer!" He cleared his throat and addressed Jimmie. "Prisoner, are you guilty or not guilty?"

"Not guilty," answered Jimmie firmly. Standing there before his judge, unarmed, slim, quiet, modest, he was ideal.

The chief beamed upon him and looked aside to cast a triumphant and withering glance upon Homer Phelps. He said: "There! That's the way to do it!"

The twins and Dan Earl also much admired Jimmie.

"That's all right so far, anyhow," said the satisfied chief. "An' now we'll—now we'll—we'll proceed with the execution."

"That ain't right," said the new prisoner suddenly. "That ain't the next thing. You've got to have a trial first. You've got to fetch up a lot of people first who'll say I done it."

"That's so," said the chief. "I didn't think. Here, Reeves, you be first witness. Did the prisoner do it?"

The twin gulped for a moment in his anxiety to make the proper reply. He was at the point where the roads forked. Finally he hazarded, "Yes."

"There," said the chief, "that's one of 'em. Now, Dan, you be a witness. Did he do it?"

Dan Earl, having before him the twin's example, did not hesitate. "Yes," he said.

"Well, then, pards, what shall be his fate?"

Again came the ringing answer, "Death!"

With Jimmie in the principal role, this drama, hidden deep in the hemlock thicket, neared a kind of perfection. "You must blindfold me," cried the condemned lad briskly, "an' then I'll go off an' stand, an' you must all get in a row an' shoot me."

The chief gave this plan his urbane countenance, and the twins and Dan Earl were greatly pleased. They blindfolded Jimmie under his careful directions. He waded a few paces into snow and then turned and stood with quiet dignity, awaiting his fate. The chief marshaled the twins and Dan Earl in line with their sticks. He gave the necessary commands: "Load! Ready! Aim! Fire!" At the last command the firing party all together yelled, "Bang!"

Jimmie threw his hands high, tottered in agony for a moment and then crashed full length into the snow—into, one would think, a serious case of pneumonia. It was beautiful.

He arose almost immediately and came back to them, wondrously pleased with himself. They acclaimed him joyously.

The chief was particularly grateful. He was always trying to bring off these little romantic affairs, and it seemed, after all, that the only boy who could ever really help him was Jimmie Trescott. "There," he said to the others, "that's the way it ought to be done."

The execution.

They were touched to the heart by the whole thing, and they looked at Jimmie with big, smiling eyes. Jimmie, blown out like a balloon fish with pride of his performance, swaggered to the fire and took a seat on some wet hemlock boughs. "Fetch some more wood, one of you kids," he murmured negligently. One of the twins came fortunately upon a small cedar tree the lower branches of which were dead and dry. An armful of these branches flung upon the sick fire soon made a high, ruddy, warm blaze, which was like an illumination in honor of Jimmie's success.

The boys sprawled about the fire and talked the regular language of the game. "Waal, pards," remarked the chief, "it's many a night we've had together here in the Rockies among the b'ars an' the Indyuns, hey?"

"Yes, pard," replied Jimmie Trescott, "I reckon you're right. Our wild free life is—there ain't nothin' to compare with our wild, free life."

Whereupon the two lads arose and magnificently shook hands, while the others watched them in an ecstasy. "I'll allus stick by ye, pard," said Jimmie earnestly. "When yer in trouble, don't forgit that Lightnin' Lou is at yer back."

"Thanky, pard," quoth Willie Dalzel, deeply affected. "I'll not forgit it, pard. An' don't you forgit either that Dead Shot Demon, the leader of the Red Raiders, never forgits a friend."

But Homer Phelps was having none of this great fun. Since his disgraceful refusal to be seized and executed he had been hovering unheeded on the outskirts of the band. He seemed very sorry. He cast a wistful eye at the romantic scene. He knew too well that if he went near at that particular time he would be certain to encounter a pitiless snubbing, so he vacillated modestly in the background.

At last the moment came when he dared venture near enough to the fire to gain some warmth, for he was now bitterly suffering with the cold. He sidled close to Willie Dalzel. No one heeded him. Eventually he looked at his chief and, with a bright face, said: "Now—if I was seized now to be executed I could do it as well as Jimmie Trescott, I could."

The chief gave a crow of scorn, in which he was followed by the other boys. "Ho," he cried, "why didn't you do it, then? Why didn't you do it?" Homer Phelps felt upon him many pairs of disdainful eyes. He wagged his shoulders in misery.

"You're dead," said the chief frankly. "That's what you are. We executed you, we did."

"When?" demanded the Phelps boy, with some spirit.

"Just a little while ago. Didn't we, fellers? Hey, fellers, didn't we?"

The trained chorus cried: "Yes, of course we did. You're dead, Homer. You can't play any more. You're dead."

"That wasn't me. It was Jimmie Trescott," he said in a low and bitter voice, his eyes on the ground. He would have given the world if he could have retracted his mad refusals of the early part of the drama.

"No," said the chief; "it was you. We're playin' it was you, an' it was you. You're dead, you are." And seeing the cruel effect of his words he did not refrain from administering some advice, "The next time don't be such a chuckle head."

Presently the camp imagined that it was attacked by Indians, and the boys dodged behind trees with their stick rifles, shouting out, "Bang!" and encouraging each other to resist until the last. In the meantime the dead lad hovered near the fire, looking moodily at the gay and exciting scene. After the fight the gallant defenders returned one by one to the fire, where they grandly clasped hands, calling each other "old pard" and boasting of their deeds.

Parenthetically, one of the twins had an unfortunate inspiration. "I killed the Indy-un chief, fellers! Did you see me kill the Indy-un chief?"

But Willie Dalzel, his own chief, turned upon him wrathfully: "You didn't kill no chief. I killed 'im with me own hand."

"Oh!" said the twin apologetically at once. "It must have been some other Indy-un."

"Who's wounded?" cried Willie Dalzel. "Ain't anybody wounded?" The party professed themselves well and sound. The roving and inventive eye of the chief chanced upon Homer Phelps. "Ho! Here's a dead man! Come on, fellers, here's a dead man! We've got to bury him, you know." And at his bidding they pounced upon the dead Phelps lad. The unhappy boy saw clearly his road to rehabilitation, but mind and body revolted at the idea of burial, even as they had revolted at the thought of execution. "No!" he said stubbornly. "No; I don't want to be buried! I don't want to be buried!"

"You've got to be buried!" yelled the chief passionately. "Tain't goin' to hurt ye, is it? Think you're made of glass? Come on, fellers, get the grave ready!"

They scattered hemlock boughs upon the snow in the form of a rectangle and piled other boughs near at hand. The victim surveyed these preparations with a glassy eye. When all was ready the chief turned determinedly to him. "Come on now, Homer. We've got to carry you to the grave. Get him by the legs, Jim!"

Little Phelps had now passed into that state which may be described as a curious and temporary childish fatalism. He still objected, but it was only feeble muttering, as if he did not know what he spoke. In some confusion they carried him to the rectangle of hemlock boughs and dropped him. Then they piled other boughs upon him until he was not to be seen. The chief stepped forward to make a short address, but before proceeding with it he thought it expedient, from certain indications, to speak to the grave itself. "Lie still, can't ye? Lie still until I get through!" There was a faint movement of the boughs and then a perfect silence.

The chief took off his hat. Those who watched him could see that his

The funeral oration.

face was harrowed with emotion. "Pards," he began brokenly, "pards, we've got one more debt to pay them murderin' redskins. Bowie Knife Joe was a brave man an' a good pard, but—he's gone now—gone." He paused for a moment overcome, and the stillness was only broken by the deep manly grief of Jimmie Trescott.

Arranging a Mystery.

In his youthful days the Marquis de Mores was a cavalry lieutenant on an eastern frontier garrison, and one day while out at exercise with a party of mounted men they found themselves on German territory. Their attention was called to the fact by an inn on the roadside bearing the sign "The King of Prussia."

"A hundred francs to the man who brings me that sign," he said, loud enough to be heard, and the party regained the French side of the frontier at a gallop. Next morning Lieutenant de Mores found the sign reared up against the wall of his quarters, and, taking a hundred franc note in one hand, he walked slowly through the stables with the hand behind his back.

Presently he felt a hand take the note, and a voice said quietly, "Thanks, lieutenant."

De Mores was careful not to look around or in any direction that could assist identification. Thus had any outcry been raised the "rape of the sign" would have been a mystery.—London Globe.

Not to Be Fooled.

A resident of a New England town who was noted for his great kindness to animals viewed the first horse cars with dismay. "It's sheer cruelty, that's what it is," he insisted, and the plea of convenience or necessity had no influence upon him.

"I'd walk to Boston and back before I'd add a pound's weight to what those poor creatures have to drag," he declared, and no persuasion could induce him to ride in a street car dragged by overworked, tired horses. When electricity was applied and the cars went smoothly along without the horses, his son said:

"Now, father, you can ride on the street cars without worrying about horses. You can go into Boston at your ease now."

"James," said the old man, "you always rush at conclusions. You don't study into things as I do. Don't I read in the papers about every car having to have so much horsepower? And don't I know well enough what that means?" And the old gentleman sighed. "It simply means, my son, that the poor horses are being worked just as hard and just as many hours, only we don't see 'em.

"Those power houses could tell tales, I reckon. No, I've no more use for street cars now than I ever had, and for the same reason."—Youth's Companion.

Barber's Hair Cut.

"Wished I had time to go out and get my hair cut," remarked a barber as he removed part of the lather from the customer's lips with his second finger. "Time to go out and get it cut?" repeated the man in the chair, with the emphasis on "out." "Are you like the man that won't eat in his own restaurant? Aren't you willing to trust one of your own men to cut your hair?"

"Oh, I'd trust them, all right!" said the barber. "It isn't that, but you hardly ever see a barber getting his hair cut in his own place. The other barbers all like to go home promptly at quitting time, and if one of us gets work done during the day there is sure to be a rush about that time, and it makes a customer 'sore' if he has to wait with two barbers right here and not waiting on him. He doesn't like to wait around while one barber cuts another barber's hair."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

His Impression.

Mr. White—Tell me, Uncle Rufus, how did you feel when that savage catamount jumped on your back as you were coming through the woods in the dark and began to claw and rend you? Uncle Rufus Rank—Uh, well, sah, tell yo' what's a fact, thankee—I 'lowed 'twuz muh wife! Yo' see, I was uh-gittin' home dess a little bit antiquated fum de lodge o' de Cullud Knights and Shivvyleers, and muh nach'l s'picion was dat de lady had got tired o' waitin' and come to meet me. If I'd organized dat 'twuz a catamount dat had me by de back, I reggin I'd uh-be'n skeered plumb to death; but, thinkin' to muhse'f dat 'twuz nobody but muh wife, I dess breshed de varmint aside, accawdin' to muh custom, and come uh-bogin' along home, happy in muh ignunce.—Puck.

The Gloved Gambler.

An American who visited Monte Carlo was telling of an incident there. "In one of the gold rooms," he said, "a gentleman in lavender gloves was playing in wonderful luck, winning nearly every stake. As a great stack of plaques—you know those beautiful, big gold pieces called plaques—was pushed to him in the croupier I heard a young lady whisper in his ear:

"'It is very odd, monsieur, to wear gloves at play. What do you do it for? Luck?'

"The fortunate player smiled grimly. "'Not at all,' he replied. 'I promised my wife on her deathbed never again to touch a card.'"

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OLD CLOTHES AND NEW.

By Frank H. Sweet.

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They were all up in Aunt Clara's room, packing the box, when Jessie Boyd came in at 4 o'clock to ask Carrie what she was going to wear that evening to the musicale. Jessie went upstairs without ceremony. She was Carrie's most intimate friend.

"Oh, there you are!" said Carrie, who was sitting on the foot of the bed with a pile of clothing on her lap. "I've been wondering all afternoon what had become of you. We're packing the box to go to mother's cousin in West Holden. Aunt Clara wants"—

"Where's the bottle of benzine?" asked Agnes, interrupting. "You had it last, Carrie."

"Look on the shelf in my closet," said Carrie. "What are you going to do with the benzine?"

"Clean the spots off that tan cloth cape of mine. I'm ashamed to send it as it is now."

"Oh, you needn't be ashamed to send anything," said Aunt Clara, who was on her knees before the box, spreading some newspapers over the bottom. "They are so poor they'll be glad of everything, no matter how old. You haven't time to clean off spots."

"They can do it for themselves," said Carrie. "Here, auntie, hadn't you better put these old white skirts in first?"

"Seems to me, Carrie, you could wear that white skirt with the ruffles yourself," remarked Mrs. Brandon, who was pulling over the contents of a trunk she had dragged in from the hall. "It doesn't look at all worn."

"No, but it doesn't hang right," rejoined Carrie, "and it's too short. Besides, I despise a ruffled petticoat."

"Very well," said her mother in a resigned tone. "Put it in. You and Agnes are dreadfully extravagant. I don't wonder your father complains about expenses."

"Here are some old nightdresses," said Mrs. Brandon. "I intended to tear them up for window cloths, but Rachel might patch them up."

"Of course she will," said Aunt Clara, seizing upon the nightdresses eagerly.

She thoroughly enjoyed the packing of this box. She always declared that, no matter what her faults were, no one could accuse her of not being generous.

The trunk yielded, in addition to the nightdresses, an old black alpaca skirt which had been spoiled by paint when the front porch had been given a fresh coat the previous fall, a much worn pair of shoes, a black straw bonnet which had been lying in the tray "for ages," several pairs of hose in sad need of darning, a gray wrapper damaged by moths and a black silk petticoat the ruffles of which were whipped out.

"You could use that silk for lining a grenadine, Frances," said Aunt Clara.

"But I don't expect to have a grenadine this summer," rejoined her sister, "and it seems a pity not to put in something decent."

"Well, if you had been to Cousin Rachel's and seen how poor they are," said Clara, "you'd know that anything would be acceptable. Rachel has a real gift for turning and patching too."

"For my part, I'm glad to get rid of my old clothes," said Carrie, "and I vote we send Cousin Rachel a box every year. It's a good deal better than making bundles for the Associated Charities to distribute. We know just where the things are going." She tossed her aunt a green surah waist, the seams of which were frayed. "I can wear the skirt around mornings with a percale shirt waist," she added.

All this time Jessie Boyd had stood quietly at the foot of the bed looking on.

"Has your cousin any girls about my age?" she asked, regarding attentively the two faded waists which Aunt Clara was folding together.

"Dear me, yes," answered the lady. "Alice is just your age and Stella a year or so younger. Then there are two little girls of ten and twelve, Amy and Ruth. I stopped over in West Holden for a day in March on my way home from Florida and saw them all. They're pretty girls, too, particularly Alice. I felt so sorry for them. I don't suppose Alice ever had a pretty gown or a bunch of ribbons in her life."

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ESTABLISHED 1833.

The Oxford Democrat,

ISSUED TUESDAYS.

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ATWOOD & FORBES,

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GEORGE M. ATWOOD. A. E. FORBES.

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Post Office Breakers Caught.

IMPORTANT CAPTURE OF THREE NOTORIOUS CROOKS BY PORTLAND POLICE.

Following a running pistol fight at Allen's Corner, Portland, at a little past 10 o'clock Thursday morning between Sheriff Pennell, aided by his entire local staff of deputies and two yeggmen who are suspected of holding up Grand Trunk train No. 84 at Yarmouth four hours previously, the yeggs were captured and sent to the station. Later another hobo, who has been identified by the trainmen as one of the three, was arrested at Morrill's corner by Patrolmen Jordan and Hamilton. The two men arrested at Allen's corner give their names as Henry Clark and Thomas Lewis, each claiming Boston as his home, but Sheriff Pennell, Chief Waterhouse and the rest of the officers feel confident that the man giving his name as Clark is Frank Sullivan, known as "Young" Sullivan of Lawrence, Mass., whom the officials have been looking for for the past year, as he is suspected of being one of the members of the gang which on Sept. 19 of last year broke into the post office at Bridgton. It will be remembered that following this break Inspector Robinson of the post office department and Deputy Sheriff John W. Emery engaged in a pistol fight at Baldwin with men, when Robinson was shot through the leg. Two days later John L. Sullivan of Lawrence, supposed to be a relative of the man captured to-day, fell off a freight train at Sawyer's river while he was stealing a ride, and was killed. It is supposed that he was a member of the gang that robbed the post office. The third man arrested is John Tildon of Boston, who has served a number of sentences in the Cumberland county jail for minor offences.

Chief of Police Waterhouse of Portland has received a telegram from Cambridge, Mass., asking him to hold Sullivan, since he is wanted for an indictment by the Suffolk County Grand Jury.

That Sullivan and his companions were all prepared to do a safe blowing job or a post office break is apparent from the fact that a bottle with a small quantity of nitro glycerine was found in his pocket, while in the pocket of Lewis, his comrade, was a cake of soft soap such as is used to "tamp in" the explosive after a hole has been made in the safe by pulling off the knob, or by drilling. The sheriffs are also sure that Sullivan threw away a stick of dynamite while being brought in on the car.

Black Hand at Rumford Falls.

ITALIAN HELD UP AND ASSAULTED.

Sunday night Officer F. A. Brooks, on complaint of Guisseppe Domic, placed under arrest Guisseppe Rezitano. Domic claimed that he was held up by Rezitano and that the latter fired at him four times with a revolver when he attempted to get away. Fortunately none of the shots took affect.

Tuesday Rezitano was arranged before Recorder Stevenson, who found probable cause and held him in $3000 bail. He was unable to get bail and was committed to jail to await trial in October.

From what can be gathered from the assaulted man and a few of the higher class Italians, Rezitano is a member of a gang, somewhat akin to the infamous Black Hand Society.

It is said that he and his gang terrorize law abiding Italians and extort money under threats of death, and it is alleged that a certain well known and wealthy Italian citizen was compelled to pay quite liberally within a few days to the same man, under pressure of threats.

Death of Mrs. Benjamin R. Billings.

Bryant's Pond is mourning with sincere sorrow the sudden and unexpected death of Matoira Day Billings, wife of Benjamin Billings of this place, and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Day, at the untimely age of 26 years.

This sad event took place as a result of complications induced by the birth of a son Tuesday, July 2d. All seemed proceeding well until Thursday afternoon, when acute Bright's disease intervened with uraemic poisoning. Drs. Packard, Rogers and Deering were summoned and every possible means employed, but in spite of all the patient rapidly failed and death occurred Friday night.

The funeral was held Sunday at the Universalist church, and was very largely attended, as Mrs. Billings was a member of the Grange and also of the Eastern Star Lodge, both of which turned out officially to honor her memory. Besides these, many townspeople were present, Mrs. Billings being one of the most highly respected and best loved young women of the community.

The sermon was preached by Rev. Mr. Little of South Paris. Elder Hannaford also offered prayer and made a few touching remarks. The audience was greatly affected, and showed clearly the affectionate regard in which they held the memory of this unfortunate young woman, friend and comrade.

Interment took place in the little churchyard beside the church, where so many of our townspeople lie in eternal slumber. The solemnity of the occasion was rendered more impressive by the music played there, a dirge rendered by the Bryant's Pond Band, "Nearer My God to Thee."

The death of Mrs. Billings leaves a vacancy in the hearts not only of her husband and her immediate family, but also in the entire community, where she enjoyed universal regard and affection. The circumstances of her death were rendered doubly touching by their suddenness and by the fact that she leaves an infant which can never know its mother's care.

"Sweet is rest after toil; then why feel sorrow
For her who sleeps and will not wake to-morrow?"

The mysterious light which appeared in the sky early Wednesday evening, a brilliant band passing directly overhead from one horizon to the other, was pronounced by Bowdoin College professors to be what is known as zodiacal light and about which scientists have differing theories. It is supposed to form a ring about the earth like the rings of Saturn and is usually seen in the tropics in the spring or fall and is rarely seen in this locality. The cause of the zodiacal light is not definitely known. The theory most generally received is that it is the sunlight reflected by myriads of small meteoric bodies revolving around the sun, nearly in the plane of the ecliptic.

THE OXFORD BEARS.

THE DOINGS OF THE WEEK IN ALL SECTIONS OF THE COUNTY.

Paris Hill.

First Baptist Church, Rev. E. O. Taylor, pastor Preaching every Sunday at 10:45 A. M. Sunday School at 12 M. Sabbath Evening Service at 7:30 P. M. Y. P. S. C. E. Tuesday evening. Prayer Meeting Thursday evening at 7:30. Covenant Meeting the last Friday before the 1st Sunday of the month at 2:30 P. M. All not otherwise connected are cordially invited.

Universalist Church, Rev. C. A. Knickerbocker, Pastor. Preaching service every Sunday at 10:45 A. M. Sunday School at 11:45.

Miss Gertrude Brown entertained three tables of bridge whist at "Old Brick" Friday evening.

Miss Harriet Shaw of Boston, the well known harpist, is visiting Mrs. Snow at Old Corner House.

Mrs. S. E. Reeves and Miss Irma Bixby of Boston are guests of Miss Persis N. Andrews.

Mr. and Mrs. Young of Lewiston are visiting Mrs. Jarvis M. Thayer this week.

The regular Universalist Circle will be held at Academy Hall, Friday evening. Admission 25 cents. Dancing free.

Rev. J. H. Little of South Paris called on friends here Thursday.

Miss Mabel Smith of Montclair, N. J., is the guest of Mrs. Jarvis Carter. On Saturday afternoon Mrs. Carter gave a tea to meet Miss Smith, which was much enjoyed by all.

Percival Parris, Esq., of Philadelphia, has been visiting his mother the past week.

Arthur Shaw, who now holds the challenge cup for men, has been challenged by Herbert Gibbs. The play will take place Tuesday. Josephine Cole has also been challenged by Miss Olive Thompson and Miss Gertrude Brown for the woman's cup and the play will take place Saturday. All the handicaps for women have been changed for the coming tournament.

Miss Olive Thompson's birthday was celebrated with appropriate exercises at Elmhurst Tuesday.

Miss Ware of Auburndale, Mass., is a guests at Mrs. J. C. Cummings' for the summer.

Miss Annie Parris is visiting friends at Morrill, Maine.

Freedom Strout, who is a member of Co. D, Norway, has been promoted to corporal.

Miss Gertrude Brooks of Cambridge, Mass., is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. George M. Atwood.

In the golf tournament for the handicap cup for women played at the links last week, Miss Josephine Cole won the cup away from Miss Gertrude Brown. This is the third time that the cup has been held by Miss Cole.

Mrs. Rachel Parlin is spending a few weeks with her daughter, Mrs. D. D. Small, of West Sumner.

Mr. Morrill Allen of Portland was a guest at Elmhurst over Sunday.

Miss Leupp of Washington, D. C., is the guest of her aunt, Miss Alice Murdock, at the Goldberg house.

Miss Edna Layton, who has been visiting Miss Mary Daniels, returned to New York Monday morning.

Mrs. E. A. Daniels, who has been spending a few weeks at Canton, joined the family here the middle of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Knapp are guests at Rev. Alexander Mann's.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. L. Case arrived Sunday, they having landed at New York July 10.

Mr. Francis C. Case has gone to London on a business trip. He will join his family here later in the season.

Arrivals at White Mountain View House this week are Mr. Claflin and wife of Franklin, Mass.; Mrs. Nash of Watertown, Mass.

Mr. Wm. R. Miller and wife of Lewiston are guests at White Mountain View House. Mr. Miller is one of Maine's leading architects. South Paris has a sample of his work in the brick block in which the savings bank is located.

A private match is on at the golf links this week between Mrs. Lewis M. Brown and Mrs. F. C. Case.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin E. Gerrish of Buckfield were at Paris Hill, Sunday.

North Buckfield.

Ross Varney of Haverhill, Mass., is visiting at Washington Heald's.

Mrs. Martha Record and nephew, Roger Clapp of Salem, Mass., came to her home the 25th.

Mrs. Martha Swallow of Sherbrooke, has been visiting relatives in the place.

Mountain Grange held a very successful dance in their hall the 4th. The next meeting of Mountain Grange will be held in the evening.

Forest Swallow of Brockton, Mass., came to his uncle's, Sidney Swallow's, Saturday, for a short visit but was taken sick and returned home Wednesday.

Chas. Tucker is building him a stable.

Fred Harding is slowly recovering from an attack of shingles.

I. D. Fuller is doing quite a job repairing his buildings.

Mae Bisbee is haying for Fred Heald.

Joseph Cummings' little child, one and one-half years old, fell down the cellar stairs a few days ago. Some bruises but not seriously hurt.

Sumner.

Addie Parlin of East Sumner is visiting at G. B. Foster's.

Mrs. Thankful Robert is failing. She is confined to her bed.

Mrs. May Smith and two boys of Abington, Mass., are visiting her sister, Mrs. N. M. Varney.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Towers, who have been visiting at J. R. Dyer's, have returned to their home in Rockland, Mass.

Leslie Brackett of Peru and Irving Brackett of Brockton, Mass., visited at W. E. Bowker's one day recently.

Lovell.

The most of the farmers are about their haying and the crop seems fairly good.

Mrs. Freeman Severance, who has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Dresser, has returned home, and was accompanied by her sister, Mrs. Boynton.

Mrs. Preston B. Walker and son have returned from a visit at Salmon Falls and Portland.

Misses Helen and May Hutchins and Miss Ruth Dallinger, with some others are at Fairview, but the last of the month will go to their cottage on the lake for the rest of the season.

Dr. Rhein and family are at B. E. Brown's.

Dr. S. S. Stearns and family are here for the summer, occupying his home at the Center.

Brownfield.

Dr. Tarr and family are spending their vacation at Rockport, Mass.

Mrs. Elmer Thompson of New York is visiting at Mr. John Sands'.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Rowe are entertaining their grandson Page, of Peabody, Mass.

Mrs. John Lynch is at E. B. Bean's.

Dr Wentworth and sister have returned home from quite an extended visit in Massachusetts.

Mrs. F. Spring of Westbrook, and Mrs. A. Leighton of Stroudwater, Portland, were guests at Mrs. J. Bean's.

Dr. Frank Eastman has bought an auto; that makes the third one owned in this village.

J. L. Frink is suffering from eczema in his face.

Mrs. Alvin Perkins and daughter, Mrs. Anderson, are at their cottage for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Hubbard and daughter are visiting friends in this village.

East Brownfield.

Many from this place went to the circus in Portland last Friday.

Mrs. E. A. G. Stickney attended the W. C. T. U. meetings at Hampton, N. H., last week.

The Congregational Circle met with Mrs. Zilpha Colby, July 10.

The W. C. T. U. held its regular meeting at Mrs. Julia Bean's, July 12.

Religious services were held at the town farm July 7, under the auspices of the W. C. T. U.

Rev. E. P. Eastman of Union, N. H., preached in the Congregational church last Sunday.

West Sumner.

The many friends of L. P. Merrill, formerly of this place, now of Rumford Falls, will regret to learn that his condition is such that he has gone to Boston to consult a specialist.

At a family gathering held recently at Mrs. Rodney Chandler's thirty people took dinner, including Mr. and Mrs. Peter Coyne of Minot, who came here to visit Mrs. Coyne's sister, Helen Rowe, who was boarding there.

Mr. and Mrs. Everett Chase and sons Maynard and Raynold of West Paris spent the Fourth with Mr. and Mrs. Carl Dunham.

B. M. Small, Esq., wife and two sons, Raymond and Richard, of Farmington, spent a few days recenty with Mr. Small's mother, Mrs. Eleanor Small.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Swift have returned from a trip to Auburn, Lisbon Falls and Brunswick.

Helen Rowe closed a very profitable term of school July 3d. In the forenoon the pupils enjoyed a picnic at Pleasant Pond. In the afternoon exercises were held in the schoolroom consisting of dialogues and recitations interspersed by selections on the graphophone, kindly furnished by Mrs. Horace Barrows. Among those present were Mr. Quimby Rowe and daughter Mabel of Minot, father and sister of the teacher.

Oliver Robbins, who figured in the Pratt case, is ill of appendicitis in a hospital at Lewiston.

John Heald is in very poor health. Mr. Heald has always been such an active man that we miss seeing him out with his team.

Mr. Fred Farrar has been very ill with heart trouble. At this writing he is said to be comfortable.

The Kemp Family (colored) from the town of Weld gave a concert followed by a dance here July 5th.

Mr. and Mrs. Ellis Doble of South Paris were the guests of Mrs. Doble's parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Doble, last week.

Mr. Richmond Tuttle recently lost a valuable cow from some unknown cause.

Mr. Stinchfield of Auburn was in town Wednesday, July 3d, tuning pianos and organs.

Mrs. Araminta Robbins of Norway has come here to live with her son Everett.

Hattie Abbott, who is at work for Mrs. Sadie Marston, left Sunday for Woodstock. There she intends to pick berries for Mrs. Freeman Wyman.

Miss Myrtle Tuttle is preparing to go to a hospital at Lewiston to be operated on for appendicitis.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Crockett of Dixfield recently spent a few days with Mr. Crockett's grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Richmond Tuttle.

Mrs. Thursa Crockett has returned from Canton, where she has been to visit friends.

Rev. Mr. Garland of Portland occupied the pulpit in the Baptist church last Sunday and preached a very interesting sermon on home mission work.

The S. B. R. Club was entertained by Mrs. Amanda Bisbee Thursday afternoon. Phillips Brooks was the author studied. This being the semi-annual meeting, the following officers were elected:

President—Helen Robertson.
Vice-President—Hattie Howe.
Secretary—Rosetta Ryerson.
Treasurer—Amanda Bisbee.

Cake and lemonade were served at the close of the exercises and a pleasant social hour was spent.

Mr. and Mrs. Alton Bisbee of Dorchester, Mass., are spending their vacation with Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Bisbee.

Mr. and Mrs. B. C. Mason and son Lyman of Boston, Mass., and Nettie Mason of Paris, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Young, Wednesday.

Mrs. Thursa Crockett has gone to Brunswick to visit her daughter, Mrs. Minnie Jewett.

Herbert Ryerson recently scratched his thumb on a piece of zinc which caused his thumb to swell and become inflamed and very painful. He had it lanced and hopes it will soon begin to heal.

Clinton Bisbee of Auburn spent Sunday with his father, Sylvester Bisbee, who is boarding at John Heald's.

Mrs. Rachel Parlin of Paris Hill is spending a few weeks with her daughter, Mrs. D. D. Small.

Mr. and Mrs. Lester West and little daughters, Margaret and Frances of Paris Hill, visited Mr. and Mrs. George West, Sunday.

Mrs. Alma Buck and Flossie Farrar went to Bath Saturday, where they partook of a shore dinner, returning home in the cool of the evening. They very much enjoyed their trip.

Mrs. Hattie Young and Wm. Glover and daughter, Theda, attended the circus at Lewiston.

Bryant's Pond.

Prof. Wiske's family of Paterson, N. J., accompanied by Mrs. Mary Gray and son, are stopping at their summer cottage here.

Rev. Q. H. Shinn of Medford, Mass., will preach at the Universalist church July 21, at the usual hour, half past ten.

Ed Coffee, a Boston letter carrier, is boarding at Mr. Dell Cole's.

Mrs. Eunice Buck of Hyde Park, Mass., is visiting at H. C. Bacon's.

West Lovell.

Geo. Abbott and wife of Conway, N. H., visited his sister, Mrs. D. W. Irish, several days the week of the Fourth.

Miss Gladys Morrell visited Helen Armstrong last week.

Mrs. Joan McAllister spent last week with relatives in Stoneham.

D. E. McAllister lost a three-year-old steer the Fourth.

Mrs. Z. McAllister has sweet corn over three feet high, tassled and ears forming.

Hebron.

What might have been a very serious accident occurred here last week. Two horses with Mr. Henry Bearce's four little children took fright at a motorcycle and got beyond control. Mr. Bearce was behind and in trying to overtake them his whiffletree broke, causing his horse to run. By the prompt exertions of Mr. Ralph Whitney and his brother Leon the horses were all stopped, but Mr. Bearce's wagon was overturned, throwing him out, and his horse fell on a pile of stones at the roadside, cutting himself badly. Mr. Bearce and the children escaped injury, but it was a close call.

Mrs. J. C. Donham went to Auburn last week to see her father, Mr. Drew Thompson.

Mr. and Mrs. Bridgham of Mechanic Falls are visiting their daughter, Mrs. E. M. Glover.

Mr. H. L. Whitney arrived here Tuesday from Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Glover are visiting relatives here.

Mrs. H. M. Everett and Mrs. Robert Hockaday and two little girls have gone to Old Orchard for the summer.

Dr. Crane is at Squirrel's Island, but comes here for Sunday at present.

Miss Mary Thompson of Portland is at Fred Sturtevant's.

Dickvale.

Cuvier Putnam, who is at the Central Maine General Hospital where he underwent an operation for appendicitis, is getting along well. Bernard went there this Thursday morning for the same treatment.

H. O. Rowe and R. S. Tracy are haying; others are hoeing.

Mrs. Sylvira Morrill is in poor health.

Wool is selling low in comparison to other things, only 26 cents is offered as yet, and with discount slips from the butter factory, farming is on the decline.

East Waterford.

Miss Ida Bumpus, Mrs. Harry L. Hutchins and daughter, Annie, of North Fryeburg, have been the guests of Mrs. C. H. Pride this week.

A party of seventeen invited guests spent a pleasant evening at Charles Farrington's Monday. Ice cream and cake were served. Mrs. Farrington's sister, with her husband and two children, is spending a few weeks with her.

Roland Mixer of Norway is spending a vacation with his uncles, C. H. and D. L. Pride.

During the shower Monday afternoon, the fuse in G. L. Hilton's telephone burned out. Mrs. Hilton, who was in the room, received a slight shock.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney S. Hall and children are making a short visit in Bridgton this week.

Lulu McIntire, with a party of friends, is spending the week at the McIntire camp at Pappoose Pond.

Bethel.

The work crew of the G. T. R. that has been widening and lowering the track and preparing for the new "overhead bridge" have finished the work.

Mr. Robert Bisbee has gone to Canada for the summer, where he has a position as chemist.

The W. C. T. U. met with Miss Cross last Tuesday.

Mrs. Clinton Metcalf and daughter of Farmington have returned to their home.

Misses Boothby and Mason are with friends camping near Berlin, N. H.

The principal of Gould Academy has announced that a course of normal training has been added to the Gould Academy course. It is looked upon with much favor and no doubt a good number will avail themselves of the opportunity to take normal training.

Last Thursday afternoon the Ladies' Club held another cake sale upon Mr. J. M. Philbrook's lawn, which was a financial success.

Miss Bessie Andrews is in Boston to study music during the school vacation.

Mrs. Bishop, daughter of Rev. and Mrs. Arthur Shirley, of Stratford, Conn., with her friend, is spending a few weeks in Bethel and is stopping at Prospect Hotel.

Rev. F. B. Schoonover went to Boston to meet his wife and little daughter, who have been spending the past three months in Rome, Italy. Mrs. Schoonover was accompanied on her return voyage by her mother and sister, who have gone to Vermont to visit Rev. Mr. Ravi, a son.

Officials who were on a tour of inspection of the G. T. R., came to Bethel Thursday and enjoyed the beautiful scenery of Bethel, as Mr. E. C. Bowler was on hand with his auto. Passenger agent Bell was among the party, and all seemed to enjoy the courtesies shown.

Buckfield.

Mrs. Alfred Shaw, one of the respected ladies of our village, reached the eightieth milestone in her earthly journey on the "Glorious Fourth," and her family and friends improved the occasion to celebrate the day on her behalf. A company of thirteen gathered at her home on Morrill Street, among whom was her sister, Mrs. H. A. Libby, of Brunswick. Mrs. Shaw was born in Brunswick, but has lived in Buckfield about thirty-four years. Her daughter, Miss Josie Shaw, is assistant in the post office.

West Paris Lodge, I. O. O. F., visited by invitation Buckfield Lodge Saturday evening. A fine banquet was served to the visiting lodge, after which the second degree was worked by West Paris Lodge.

The annual meeting of the Buckfield Literary Club was held Tuesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. C. M. Tilton. The following officers were elected to serve the club the ensuing year:

President—Mrs. Virginia A. Irish.
1st Vice-President—Mrs. Almira H. Irish.
2d Vice-President—Mrs. Emma J. Cole.
Secretary—Mrs. C. M. Tilton.
Treasurer—Mrs. Lucy A. Skillings.
Executive Committee—Mrs. Sarah Morrill, Mrs. Clara Withington, Mrs. Ada Shaw.

Thursday afternoon the Buckfield Literary Club enjoyed a box social and lawn party on the grounds of Mrs. Virgil Cole. A large number were present and a good time reported.

Mr. Ramond Jordan, who recently set up a candy and fruit store in Thomes Block, has sold out and closed the business.

John Gerrish and Rozalvo Crockett are painting the old church on the hill now used as the town house. They have several other contracts on hand for their services and have been kept very busy all the spring.

Mrs. C. C. Withington, Mrs. A. W. Pottle and Miss Martha Warren of Westbrook took a carriage drive to Lewiston Thursday to see the sights and to make some purchases.

Misses Sallie and Martha Warren of Westbrook are the guests of their grandparents, Rev. A. W. Pottle and wife. It is expected they will remain till the first of August.

Miss Petingill of Rumford Falls was the guest of Mrs. I. W. Shaw this week.

Peter Henry Allen is clerking for R. B. Tyler, baker. Peter is a smart boy.

R. C. Thomes went to Portland and Old Orchard Thursday.

R. B. Tyler has bought out his partner, Charles Holland, and is now running his bakery alone. Mr. Tyler is giving excellent satisfaction to his customers and deserves a liberal patronage.

H. G. Urich and wife of Baltimore are the guests of Mrs. Urich's parents, T. L. Lunt and wife. Mr. Urich is spending most of his time at the lakes.

Rev. A. W. Pottle was in Waterville Monday on business.

East Bethel.

Mr. R. C. Clark joined his family here the 4th for a short vacation.

Mrs. A. M. Bean is spending a short vacation with relatives in Berlin, N. H. Mrs. Fred Cole and family arrived from Washington, July 1st, and will spend their vacation at their home here.

Miss Margaret Whidden closed a very pleasant and profitable term of school here recently. Teacher and pupils all very much enjoyed a walk and picnic in the woods the last day.

Oxford.

Mr. Stewart of Richmond, a graduate of Bowdoin has been engaged as principal of the high school.

Mrs. Laura Stevens of Portland, Department President of the State W. R. C., inspected the T. A. Roberts Corps Saturday.

Mrs. Haywood and son Earl, of Massachusetts, are visiting relatives here.

Mrs. Bruce Downs and daughters of Portland are at their summer home. Mrs. Downs has opened her house to a party of summer students.

Miss Hall of Farmington is canvassing for a health work.

The W. C. T. U. met with Mrs. Frank Keene and observed the birthday of Mrs. Hunt. A social followed with music, ice cream, cake, etc.

The Advent Chapel has been painted on the outside.

Mrs. Record celebrated her eighty-fifth birthday Wednesday.

Gussie Wardwell has returned from her visit to Pittsfield. She was on the train at the time of the accident on the Maine Central, but escaped with slight injury.

Merrill Storer, little son of Arthur Storer, fell backward into a well at Merrill Brackett's, which was temporarily open for repairs. Mr. Brackett at once leaped in and Wilfred Perkins went down on a ladder to the bottom of the well. The water was nearly six feet deep and he could just keep his head above it, while searching for the child which he lifted with his feet until he could reach it and carry it up. After using artificial respiration and other means of restoration, it regained consciousness. Little Merrill is a very bright, active child, the pet of the family. It was a narrow escape from death.

The T. A. Roberts W. R. C., with invited guests, held a picnic at the grove near the Webber School House on Thursday, which was much enjoyed by all present.

Denmark.

Mr. A. B. Ordway is making extensive alterations in his house.

Mr. Fred Sanborn is having new windows in his house at the farm.

Mrs. Katie Sanborn has been at the islands, Portland harbor, for a few days.

Some of the farmers have begun cutting their hay in this section.

Mr. Ernest Ingalls was taken suddenly ill Friday morning. Dr. Fitch was called.

There was a large delegation from this place to Hiram Wednesday evening to attend the Ladies' Circle of the Congregational church, and report a fine time.

Wilson's Mills.

The logs from Upper Magalloway having been cut on Beaumantown, were being sluiced through Aziscoos dam early Monday morning, July 1st.

The only demonstration the Fourth in this vicinity was a lawn party, which was pretty well patronized, held at Diamond Farm. Ice cream, strawberries and cream and lemonade for sale. The proceeds to go towards the finishing of the hall of Aziscoos Grange.

G. P. Wilson of Boston, a former resident here, came up Friday to spend his vacation among his native hills.

The extremely dry weather is now superseded by the extremely wet.

West Paris.

Well, John! we agree that there are "More things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of." We were interested in your article last week, and confess to being a "Bible spiritualist" ourselves. Perhaps I might add a page to your "unwritten history," and this is but one instance more out of innumerable testimony of things "unseen."

A favorite aunt of ours, who with cultivation might have had marked occult powers, had a son, a telegraph operator in Dakota. One clear, starlight summer night, here in our little Maine village, she was sitting in the twilight in a room with closed doors and suddenly thought she saw a flash of lightning shine from beneath the outer door. Instantly she thought of her absent son, and with much distress of mind informed her family that she feared he had been killed. The next day she had a telegram saying he was at the point of death—in fact he lived but a short time While working, the wire was struck by lightning and he received a terrific shock from which he never rallied, although he was partially conscious and desired to see his mother before he "went out," as he said. Upon further inquiry it was found that the injury occurred at nearly the same time she saw the flash under the door. This occurred some 25 or 30 years ago, also before "wireless" was heard of. Somebody says: "Ghosts! Oh, shoo! It's enough to make one have shivers. Lets talk about fashions and the hay crop."

Nonsense! Why cannot one have a good, healthy interest in this life, and yet have a fearless, inquiring mind for things immortal and eternal. Humanity was made to be something more than an animal, and any and all proof of immortality would at least be welcomed by us.

John, did you ever read the book, "Life Beyond Death," by Rev. M. J. Savage? If not, we recommend it. We think you would find in it congenial thought and added testimony.

Mr. L. M. Pratt of Cambridge, Mass., is visiting friends and relatives in town.

Walter Emery and family of Portland have been visiting relatives in this locality.

Miss Ethel M. Howe has again gone to Kennebunk Beach, where she will work during the summer season.

A good hay crop is indicated, and wild strawberries are very plentiful.

H. G. Brown has a nice little bed of cultivated strawberries, from which will be gathered at least 300 quarts. Some of the varities bear very large berries, many of which have measured from 4 to 5 1-2 inches in circumference.

F. L. Wyman now thinks he will have a good crop of raspberries.

Ownward Rebekah Lodge will hold a lawn party Thursday of this week, July 18, at the house and lawn of Mr. and Mrs. David Emmons. Ice cream and cake will be for sale and everyone is invited to attend and enjoy a social time.

The friends and relatives of Miss Nellie Marshall are glad to note that she is at home for a month's vacation. For about a year she has been at Crow Creek Reservation, South Dakota, where she has had a good position in the hospital of a government school for Indians.

Mrs. Will Willis recently attended the Baptist quarterly meeting at East Sumner.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Mann are spending a couple of weeks' vacation at Peak's Island.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Porter of Dorchester, Mass., have been spending a few days' vacation with their relatives on High Street.

Mr. Samuel Barry Locke has returned home from Orono and is now at camp at Concord Pond.

Mrs. Charles Tucker of Colebrook, N. H., visited her daughter, Mrs. S. T. White, last week.

Mrs. E. M. Emery were recently visited by her brother, Mrs. A. B. Aldrich of Haverhill, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. Keith Spofford of Lewiston are spending a couple of weeks vacation here and are boarding at J. R. Tucker's.

Mrs. Alden Day, accompanied by her sister from Norway, and her daughter Cora, are camping out in a pine grove near Oxford, during July and August.

Mr. Levi Shedd is making quite extensive repairs and improvements in his buildings. He has painted and papered several rooms inside, shingled the roof, and graded the grounds.

Mr. Charles Aldrich and Mrs. Mary Stevens at Trap Corner are having their buildings painted. Mr. Aldrich and Mr. Willard Cobb have been grading up around their buildings, much improving their appearance.

P. J. Miles is having good patronage at his closing out sale.

Miss Mary E. Dana is entertaining Mrs. Susan H. Edwards. Miss Dana has recently been visited by her niece and brother from Portland.

Greenwood.

Not much news to report this week and hardly time to write up what there is.

Frank Bennett of Paris Hill came here recently, intending to go hornpouting with another man the following evening, but a shower came up just in the nick of time, and up went all their fun with it.

I. W. Swan, with his wife and little girl, visited at the Bennett place Saturday, returning home to Locke's Mills Sunday forenoon. In the afternoon the writer attended a funeral at Bryant's Pond, the sad account of which will be given from another source.

Not first-class hay weather the first of the week, and those who commenced haying Monday got their hay caught in a series of showers, two of which ended in rainbows, probably quite similar to the one that Noah looked upon several years ago.

Thanks to Florence Bryant for a late copy of The Watchman. It contains several interesting articles, to one of which we intend to refer next week.

Ever since our remembrance, and probably ever since it occurred, the year 1816 has been referred to as a record breaker in regard to the continued coldness. One late writer refers to it in this way: The erratic weather this spring has revived interest in accounts of the cold season of 1816. In old newspapers files it is known as "the year without a summer." There had been nothing like it in the memory of the oldest persons then living, and there has been nothing like it since. May, was a month of frosts and snow and ice formed an inch thick, 'tis said. At least one man was frozen to death in Vermont where snow fell to the depth of 10 inches. There were three inches of snow in New York, and water froze in ponds on the Fourth of July as far south as Virginia. Corn was killed. August was no better and the succeeding months were cold. In the spring of 1817 seed corn was sold for $5 a bushel. Similar conditions were reported from Europe.

A SUSTAINING DIET.

These are the enervating days, when, as somebody has said, men drop by the sunstroke as if the Day of Fire had dawned. They are fraught with danger to people whose systems are poorly sustained; and this leads us to say, in the interest of the less robust of our readers, that the full effect of Hood's Sarsaparilla is such as to suggest the propriety of calling this medicine something besides a blood purifier and tonic,—say, a sustaining diet. It makes it much easier to bear the heat, assures refreshing sleep, and will without any doubt avert much sickness at this time of year.

John Ray, a painter, was instantly killed while walking on the tracks near the Bridge Street crossing of the Maine Central railroad at Augusta, Thursday, by a shifting engine. He was about 40 years old.

Here is Relief for Women.

If you have pains in the back, Urinary, Bladder or Kidney trouble, and want a certain, pleasant herb cure for woman's ills, try Mother Gray's Australian-Leaf. It is a safe and never-failing monthly regulator. At Druggists or by mail 50 cents. Sample package FREE. Address, The Mother Gray Co., Le Roy, N. Y.

Lemon, Chocolate and Custard Pies

It does not require an experienced cook to make good pies from "OUR-PIE." Just the proper proportions of all ingredients are in the package ready for immediate use. At grocery, 10 cents per package. Order a few packages today.

A Certain Cure for Aching Feet.

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder; cures Tired, Aching, Sweating, Swollen feet. Sample sent FREE, also Sample of Foot-Ease Sanitary Comfort-Pad, a new invention. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

A Play in a Thousand.

"QUINCY ADAMS SAWYER" A UNIQUE DRAMA OF MOST TELLING QUALITIES.

The figures of the attendance and receipts for the five seasons that "Quincy Adams Sawyer" has been upon the stage prove that nearly three million people have witnessed this great drama of New England rural life in that time. In view of this fact and because of the constantly growing prosperity of this attraction, it can be said with truth that this is a "play in a thousand." For there have been so few similar instances in the history of the American stage that they can be recalled readily by all thestrical men of experience.

"Quincy Adams Sawyer" is unique. Its telling qualities are found in its entire freedom from stage conventions. There is no erring girl, no mortgage on the farm, no mourning or wailing and no villian. Yet strength is by no means sacrificed by this abandonment of familiar stage expedients. For there are substituted characters that are real, motives that are natural and a development of interest that holds because it appeals by its strong humanity.

When the famous rural drama is presented at Norway Opera House on Saturday, Aug. 24, it will be found to be presented by an admirable company, every member of which has been selected with special regard for his or her fitness for the role played. The scenic environments of the drama is in perfect accord with its spirit and the entire entertainment is natural and enjoyable.

LONG LIVE THE KING!

is the popular cry throughout European countries: while in America, the cry of the present day is "Long live Dr. King's New Discovery, King of Throat and Lung Remedies!" of which Mrs. Julia Ryder Paine, Truro, Mass., says: "It never fails to give immediate relief and to quickly cure a cough or cold." Mrs. Paine's opinion is shared by a majority of the inhabitants of this country. New Discovery cures weak lungs and sore throats after all other remedies have failed; and for coughs and colds it's the only sure cure. Guaranteed by F. A. Shurtleff & Co., druggists. 50 cents and $1.00. Trial bottle free.

Portland it is believed is soon to have another electric road, this one to run between Portland and Lewiston and intermediate towns. The company has been incorporated as the Portland, Gray & Lewiston Railroad Co., running through the towns of Falmouth, Gray and New Gloucester and thence to Auburn and Lewiston.

A MEMORABLE DAY.

One of the days we remember with pleasure, as well as with profit to our health, is the one on which we became acquainted with Dr. King's New Life Pills, the painless purifiers that cure headache and biliousness, and keep the bowels right. 25 cents at F. A. Shurtleff & Co.'s drug store.

Monmouth had a fire scare Wednesday afternoon when the business section of the town was threatened by a fire which destroyed two small wood structures and four car loads of hay, causing a total loss of $3000. At one time ten buildings were burning, but the fire was kept under control by the aid of a hand tub and buckets until aid which was summoned from Lewiston arrived by special train.

A WONDERFUL HAPPENING.

Port Byron, N. Y., has witnessed one of the most remarkable cases of healing ever recorded. Amos F. King of that place says: "Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured a sore on my leg with which I had suffered over 80 years. I am now 85." Guaranteed to cure all sores, by F. A. Shurtleff & Co. 25 cents.

An immense swarm of bees made their appearance in Biddeford the other day from nobody knows just where and finally brought up on one of the trees on the lawn of Sidney Staples' residence. There must have been thousands of them in the swarm and the limb of the tree where they landed was black with them. The bees, with due care, were captured at night and put into a box, which has now been converted into a bee hive.

Born.

In Norway, July 2, to the wife of John M. Gagne, a daughter.
In Norway, July 7, to the wife of Webster H. Kilgore, a daughter.
In Norway, July 5, to the wife of Edmund Labassiere, a son.
In South Paris, July 8, to the wife of John Porter, a son.
In Oldfield, July 3, to the wife of Frank L. Bryant, a

The Oxford Democrat.

SOUTH PARIS.

SOUTH PARIS POST OFFICE.
Office Hours: 7:30 A. M. to 7:30 P. M.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.
Commencing June 16, 1907.
TRAINS LEAVE SOUTH PARIS

Going down(east)—4:51 A. M., daily; 9:34 A. M., daily except Sunday; 4:04 P. M., daily; 6:00 P. M., Sunday only.

Going up (west)—9:57 A. M., daily; 3:26 P. M., daily except Sunday; 10:15 P. M., daily; 10:22 P. M., Sunday only.

The steps at the post office are undergoing repairs.

Mrs. C. J. Bean is at her cottage at Poland campground.

C. W. Bowker went to Augusta Tuesday on a state pauper case.

Mr. H. Lester Gerry of Lewiston is spending a few weeks at E. N. Haskell's.

James R. Tucker and wife of West Paris were in town Thursday of last week.

Stanley Bisbee of Rumford Falls was at South Paris the first of last week on a business trip.

J. Augustus Record of Marlboro, Mass., arrived home Tuesday for a few months' stay.

Rev. J. H. Little attended the funeral of Mrs. Benjamin R. Billings at Bryant's Pond, July 7th.

Mrs. Mary J. Tolls of Brockton, Mass., was a guest of her brother, George M. Giles, last week.

Miss Carrie Clifford, who is working at Dudley Cottage, Locke's Mills, was at home over Sunday.

Mrs. L. M. Lunt of Lewiston visited her daughter, Mrs. Harold T. Briggs, a few days recently.

Mrs. Austin P. Stearns of Paris Hill spent several days with relatives in this village the past week.

J. W. Skein of Lewiston, the well known automobile man, was in town Thursday with a machine.

Chairman C. W. Bowker, Adney R. Tuell and Walter L. Gray, Esq., went to Rumford Thursday on town business.

Samuel Morse and family, who have been guests at A. E. Morse's, returned Friday to their home in Minneapolis.

Mrs. A. W. Walker and Mrs. A. D. Park spent the latter part of last week at the Park's cottage at Old Orchard.

At the Universalist Sunday School picnic held at Penley's Grove last Wednesday, the usual good time was enjoyed.

Mr. Lewis Fox and family of Bangor have been guests at Ronell Edwards the past week. Mrs. Fox was formerly Miss Royal of this village.

Bradley Mason, a former resident of Paris, now residing at Brighton, Mass., has been at E. N. Haskell's with his family the past week.

Emery Bonney and family of Haverhill, Mass., are spending a few days here, being called by the death of his father, Hosea Bonney.

Mrs. Charles Cummin of Des Moines, Iowa, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Nelson G. Elder, for a few weeks. Mrs. Cummin came Saturday morning.

M. R. Sumner, who has been working in the mill of the Paris Manufacturing Co., has left there and gone to Yarmouth to work during the haying season.

Rev. J. H. Little and wife, Mrs. J. H. Burbank and Miss Verna Howe left Monday morning for Harpswell, where they will spend Mr. Little's vacation.

Harold Hebbard of Lynn, Mass., is at his home here for a week's visit. He has a fine position in a drug store in that place. Mrs. S. B. Hebbard, also of Lynn, is with Mr. Hebbard.

Herbert M. Tucker, formerly of Paris, is in town this week to see his mother, who is in poor health. Mr. Tucker is now in charge of a large Jersey farm at Chili Station, in the northern part of New York state.

Miss Laura Dean of Buckfield, with a trained nurse, was a guest at Frank A. Taylor's last week. Friends of Miss Dean will be glad to learn that she is so far recovered from her recent illness as to be about again.

By a new law passed recently the special delivery stamp is no longer a necessity. A ten-cent stamp or five twos placed side of the regular postage will insure immediate delivery provided the words "Special Delivery" are written on the envelope.

The reservoir which the Norway Water Company is contemplating putting in on the hill back of Walter Swett's is to hold a million gallons and will be connected with the system by an eight inch pipe. This is of course, "if." The engineer who has been doing the surveying is G. R. Lewis, assisted by Walter L. Gray.

In the rifle team which will represent Maine in the interstate match at Wakefield, Mass., on July 22d to 27th, Co. D of Norway (and South Paris) will have six men. They are Capt. J. Waldo Nash and Sergt. Moses P. Stiles of Norway and Sergt. W. P. Marston, Corp. Sanger S. Maxim, Second Lieut. Lyman H. Daughraty, and Corporal Theodore M. Twitchell of South Paris.

Thursday evening the home of A. W. Walker was the scene of a dinner party given in honor of Mrs. J. P. Sprague and Mrs. Nathan Chase. The hostesses were Misses Eva and Alta Walker and the guests present were, besides Mrs. Sprague and Mrs. Chase, Miss Florence Jewett, Miss Sue Porter, Miss Grace Bennett, Mrs. Dr. Stewart, Miss Iva McArdle and Miss Sue Wheeler.

Undoubtedly Sanger Maxim holds the record for fast time between here and Andover. Last week he carried Scott and Al Marston and Murray Bigelow to Andover for a fishing trip. Thursday he went after them and on the trip back with four passengers in the Orient delivery wagon, made the trip of approximately forty miles in just two hours and fifty-five minutes, including all stops for teams, etc.

At the Methodist parsonage Saturday morning, occured the marriage of L. Ellsworth Thayer of Paris Hill, and Miss Jessica Curtis, youngest daughter of the late Oliver G. Curtis of South Paris. Mr. Thayer is a prosperous young farmer, living east of Paris Hill. The bride has for several years been a teacher in the Paris schools, and is one of South Paris' most popular young people. They will make their home at the groom's farm on Paris Hill.

"The largest crop of apples we have ever had," say all the farmers and apple dealers in this vicinity when asked what the prospects are for fruit this fall. This is the verdict of the country in general and especially New England. From every part of this section of the country comes the report that the apple crop is going to be a big one. Along with this we shall need some barrels and there is a good opening for somebody to go to making barrels in this town, for there is sure to be a shortage unless a factory is opened here before long.

The programmes of the Euterpean Club for the season 1907-8 are now in the hands of the printer. It has been decided that the club will hold but one meeting each month, instead of two, as last year, and the programmes will be longer and more elaborate. The plan for this next season's work is to study the operas, taking one opera for each meeting and illustrating it in every way possible. The first meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. Briggs, Monday, Oct. 14th, at 4 P. M., and the opera to be studied on that occasion is Verdi's Il Trovatore.

Work is progressing finely on the street railway company's new power station at the True Mill privilege. The workmen are now engaged in blasting out the ledge where the wheel is to be put, and for this purpose a steam drill has been ordered. Already the company have a derrick and donkey engine in operation, and a pump is kept working all the time to keep the water out of the hole where the men are drilling. The new water wheel and dynamo are already on hand to be put in when needed. The wheel will go about eight feet lower than the old one was, thus giving additional power.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Herrick went to Portland Sunday.

Work on the state road will be postponed until August.

Miss Lizzie Kane is at Lewiston for a few weeks with relatives.

Mrs. Emily Cook is visiting friends in Plymouth, N. H., this week.

Carl Sawyer of Lewiston, visited at Rev. A. K. Baldwin's recently.

Ruth Bolster visited at Clayton Churchill's, North Paris, last week.

Marshall A. Baldwin has been visiting his grandparents this week at West Paris.

Rodney Hall is widening his piazza. When finished it will be eight feet wide.

Frank A. Shurtleff and wife have gone to the Parsons farm to live for the summer.

Miss Blanche Barrows, who has been visiting in Dover, N. H., has returned home.

The evening services in the several churches have been changed to half past seven.

Ellery C. Park and wife of Bethel were in town last week as the guests of S. Porter Stearns.

Carl Briggs, with a party of friends started on a fishing trip up the Megalloway River last Thursday.

Miss Vida Jenne, who is in the hospital at Lewiston, is reported as improving in health, and is expected home soon.

Edwin Stearns, a former resident of this town, now residing in Bethel, spent a few days last week visiting relatives here.

Mr. Horatio Bumpus, superintendent of the Massachusetts State Prison at Charlestown, called on friends in town Thursday.

Mr. Harry T. Jordan, who has been visiting his mother, Mrs. Angie W. Bolster, returned to his home in Philadelphia, Friday.

Mrs. Samuel Plummer and daughter, Miss Mary, of Sweden, have been the guests of Mrs. Plummer's son, J. F. Plummer, this week.

Mrs. Mertie Maxim Sprague of Chicago will return West next Wednesday. She is to join her husband in Wisconsin, where he has a camp.

The Epworth League of the Methodist church held a food sale at the church Saturday afternoon, from which they realized a good profit.

A party who went to Concord Pond this week includes Miss Julia Morton, Miss Hattie Hooper, Miss Thompson and Miss Eunice Fobes.

Mrs. J. F. Sprague, Mrs. Nathan Chase, Miss Florence Jewett and Miss Sue M. Wheeler went to New Meadows Inn Saturday for a shore dinner.

Mr. N. D. Bolster takes his vacation from his store this week, and accompanied by Mrs. Bolster, Ruth and Philip, will spend the two weeks at Old Orchard.

Miss Maude Carter, who has been camping at Locke's Mills, returned Friday night to attend the Seneca Club party at Miss Iva McArdle's on that evening.

Several children have been baptized recently at the Congregational church. Among them are Helen Patterson, Roland Howard, Edward Bean and Eleanor Clifford.

Rev. A. K. Baldwin is to close his work with the Congregational church August 1st. He will dispose of some of his furniture before leaving. See advertisement elsewhere.

J. H. Stuart has been employed by Walter H. Sawyer of the Union Water Power Company, Lewiston, to do survey work at Livermore Falls and Chisholm for this corporation.

Miss Edith Maxwell and Mrs. C. A. Frost, who have been visiting their sister, Mrs. D. M. Stewart, have returned to their respective homes in Wales, and South Framingham, Mass.

Gerald Clifford, D. D. S., son of Mrs. H. A. Clifford, arrived Thursday to work in the office of Dr. H. P. Jones at Norway. Mr. Clifford received his degree from Tufts Dental College this summer, graduating with high honors.

J. H. Bean has started to build an extension on to his piazza to widen it. Mr. Bean has made numerous improvements on his place this summer, among them being a new cement walk and new grading about the grounds.

The body of Miss Olive H. Shaw, a former resident of Paris, was brought here for burial from Lewiston Wednesday afternoon. Miss Shaw was eighty years of age, and lived at Paris when she was young. The body was buried at Riverside Cemetery.

A. J. Penley sold his fancy matched pair of Robinson D. mares last week to William B. Russell of Leeds, formerly of this village. Mr. Penley raised and broke this team and as they are very stylish and nice drivers, they attracted much attention from horse fanciers.

Miss Bessie Haggett, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Haggett, who is working at the Poland Spring House this summer, met with a serious accident last Sunday. In attempting to open a bottle of Poland water she broke the bottle and cut the main artery in her wrist so that seven stitches were required to close it. After the wound was sewed up it burst again making necessary further operation. She is confined to the bed. Mrs. Haggett went Friday to Poland Spring to care for her.

One of the pleasantest social affairs of the summer was given Friday evening, when Miss Iva McArdle entertained about twenty of her young lady friends at her home. The party was originally intended for a lawn party, but owing to the rain this idea had to be abandoned. The house and lawn were prettily decorated with Japanese lanterns. Many samples of Miss McArdle's handiwork with the paint brush were in evidence. Several games original with Miss McArdle were played and dainty refreshments were served.

A very pleasant occasion was the birthday party given in honor of Mrs. Rodney Hall at the home of George A. Briggs, Tuesday evening. The occasion was in the nature of a strawberry party as the supper was in every sense of the word a strawberry supper. Strawberries in all shades, sizes and shapes were served in every conceivable form and compound. There was everything from just plain, common, everyday strawberry, to strawberries on the half shell, and everything between including, strawberry preserves, strawberry cake, short cake, and music flavored with strawberries. It was without a doubt a good time.

New officers and committees for the year at the Congregational Christian Endeavor were recently installed by the pastor and are as follows:

President—Sue M. Wheeler.
Vice-President—Annie M. Jenne.
Recording Secretary—Helen M. Barnes.
Corresponding Secretary—Nellie M. Jackson.
Treasurer—Herbert Perkins.
Organist—Mrs. T. S. Barnes.
Jr. Superintendent—Mrs. T. S. Barnes.
Lookout Committee—Eva Walker, Sue Rounds, Hattie Barnes, Annie Jenne, Wallace Clifford.
Prayer Meeting Committee—Roy Cole, Mary Shurtleff, Margaret Wilbur, Eva Swett, Vida Jenne.
Social Committee—Ruby Clark, Helen Barnes, Hattie Jenne, Rose Clark, Ruth Bolster.
Missionary Committee—Blanche Barrows, Gertrude Green, Nellie Jackson, Mae Field, Guy Farrar.
Flower Committee—Annie Muzzy, Bessie Haggett, Cora Wight, Ethel Bennett, Ruth Blood.
Information—Sue Rounds.

At a meeting of the trustees of the Oxford County Agricultural Society on July 6th, it was voted to add two new colt races to the list of races at the fair this fall. The new races will be one for three year olds with a purse of $100.00, and one for two year olds with a purse of $75.00. These races will not be held however unless there are five entries and at least four starters. Entries will close Sept. 10. The society have also had a new set of scales built to be used in weighing all the animals competing in the draft events. Oxford County Agricultural Society, under the management of the present competent officers, is growing better and bigger each year, and it is the opinion of those who are able to judge such matters, that they are giving the best and cleanest shows to be found in the state—which means a great deal.

Mrs. C. E. McArdle is spending the week in Portland.

Vernon Curtis of Portland was at home over Sunday.

J. F. Hall of Rumford Falls was in town Saturday on business.

S. C. Ordway joined his family at Poland campground over Sunday.

J. Frank Howland of Boston, spent Sunday at his Mountain View Farm.

Louise Sumner has been visiting friends at Mechanic Falls this week.

A. W. Walker and A. D. Park spent Sunday at Old Orchard with their wives.

The July meeting of the W. C. T. U. has been postponed to August 8th, by request.

Mrs. Winslow B. Young and son Roland are visiting relatives in Massachusetts.

Arthur J. Daniels of Berlin N. H., visited his mother, Mrs. Mary Daniels, over Sunday.

Miss Grace Dudley and Homer Carr visited at S. C. Ordway's cottage at Poland campground Sunday.

The friends of Mrs. Clara Andrews Cole, formerly of Paris, now of Ottawa, Can., are sorry to hear that she is seriously ill.

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Hilton are expected this week to return to their home, which they will occupy for the remainder of the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Stone and two sons, Burnham and Willis, of Denver, Col., spent Sunday with Mr. Stone's mother, Mrs. Mariam Stone.

Myron W. Maxim and Melvin Churchill made a trip to the Wild River rigion the last of the week after trout. They report a good catch and a fine time.

Mrs. F. P. Chandler and two daughters, Hilda and Marjorie, visited Mrs. Chandler's parents at Bethel Saturday and Sunday. Mr. Chandler joined them Sunday.

William Culbert was visited over Sunday by his sister, Miss Agnes Culbert, accompanied by Miss Annie Thornton and Miss Annie Shirley, all of Lewiston.

Committees were appointed Sunday from the different Sunday Schools to make arrangements for a union picnic, Bryant's Pond seems to be the ideal place this year. All are invited.

D. D. G. C. Walter L. Gray, Frank A. Taylor, G. P., and L. L. Powers, G. M., of Hamlin Lodge, No. 31, K. of P., went to Bryant's Pond Saturday evening to install officers in Fraternal Lodge, No. 118, K. of P. They made the trip in S. S. Maxim's Orient wagon.

The electric car went off the track Sunday night at the curve by the Pleasant Street school house. It was on the trip to meet the excursion train from Portland, and there were about seventy-five passengers on board who had to ride "Shanks mare" to catch the train.

Miss Florence W. Lowell of Auburn is making a two weeks' visit with Mr. and and Mrs. Walter L. Gray at their cottage, the Gray Birches, at Norway Lake. Miss Lowell has recently returned from a year's trip abroad, in company with ex-Mayor Hastings' daughter of Auburn.

Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Clark and two daughters, Helen and Florence, of Bolster's Mills, accompanied by Mrs. Loring B. Hall and daughter, Florence, with E. J. Farnsworth of Newton, Mass., visited at A. E. Clark's Saturday and enjoyed a picnic dinner at Penley's Grove.

Advertised letters in South Paris post office July 15, 1907:

Mr. Chas. Walker.
Mr. Raymond S. Webber.
Dr. Austin Tenney.
Mrs. Fred McKeen.
Mrs. H. M. Palmer.
Mr. Grover Lee.
Miss Cella M. Estes.
Mrs. Julia B. Geer.
Alphonse Bermudo.
Ludger Lambert.
Miss Avis Smith.
Mrs. Bisbee.

S. F. DAVIS, Postmaster.

The officers of Hamlin Lodge, No. 31, K. of P., were installed Friday night in a very able and pleasing manner by D. D. G. C. Walter L. Gray and staff, A. H. Jackson, G. V. C.; F. A. Taylor, G. P., and L. L. Powers, G. M. at A. The officers installed were:

C. C.—E. M. Dunham.
V. C.—A. L. Cole.
P.—T. S. Barnes.
M. of W.—W. H. Hebbard.
M. at A.—E. L. Kenney.
I. G.—Harold Fletcher.
O. G.—George Bennett.

After the installation the Rank of Page was finely exemplified by the first rank team. The Rank of Esquire will be worked next Friday night the 19th. The members will please take notice.

Cows Knocked Down by Lightning.

FINN MAN, WIFE AND CHILD DAZED IN MONDAY NIGHT'S STORM AT STEARNS HILL.

The thunder storm of last Monday evening raised peculiar havoc with things in general on Stearns Hill. At William C. Stearns' farm a bolt entered the barn at a window and passed through a room where fifteen cows were being milked by a Finn man and his wife. Ten of the cattle were knocked completely off their feet and five went down on their knees. The Finn man and woman were knocked off the milking stools and for a moment dazed by the shock and their child, which was playing on the floor, was thrown way to the ceiling and stunned. The little fellow recovered his senses after a few minutes and was apparently as well as ever. A horse belonging to C. W. Chase of North Paris which was hitched in the barn was also knocked down. Apparently no damage was done to man, beast or barn, but it seems almost a miracle that a bolt of lightning could pass the entire length of a long barn and set nothing on fire. Mr. Stearns says that had the bolt passed ten feet higher than it did, it would have gone into his hay mow.

When the bolt left William Stearns' barn it took to the telephone wires and followed them as far as the home of Eldron Stearns. Just before reaching his buildings it left the wires and entered the house through the wall, taking with it a piece of the wall as big over as a bushel basket. Inside it tore the wall paper off in two rooms and melted every particle of copper wire out of the telephone and the switch board which is situated here. Fromhere it went to the ground, finishing its disastrous course without setting off a single blaze, but leaving behind some badly scared people.

Base Ball.

WEST PARIS 11; WATERFORD 4.

West Paris won its first league game Saturday afternoon at Waterford, defeating Waterford on their home grounds. The line-up of the West Paris team was considerably changed and with a new pitcher they were much stronger. The score:

WEST PARIS.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
J. Farnum, l.f.	4	2	0	0	0	1
N. Rowe, c.	5	1	2	8	4	0
Emery, r.f.	5	1	1	1	0	0
Billings, c.f.	5	0	1	1	1	0
Shaw, 1-b.	5	1	0	14	2	0
Bowker, 2-b.	5	1	1	0	2	3
Ricker, s.s.	5	1	1	1	2	0
L. Rowe, 3-b.	5	2	2	1	1	2
Delano, p.	4	2	0	0	1	0
Totals,	43	11	8	27	13	6

WATERFORD.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Munroe, c.	5	0	2	7	4	1
Sanderson, p.	5	1	2	1	1	0
Wilson, s.s.	5	1	1	2	2	5
N. Brown, 2 b.	5	0	3	1	3	3
Manning, 1-b.	4	0	0	8	0	1
Knight, r.f.	4	0	0	0	0	1
W. Brown, l.f.	4	0	0	1	0	1
C. Brown, 3-b.	4	2	1	1	2	2
A. Manning, c.f.	3	0	0	5	0	2
Totals,	39	4	8	*26	12	16

*Munroe out, changing position at bat.

Score by Innings.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9—Total.
West Paris,	1	0	1	0	3	0	3	1	2—11
Waterford,	0	0	1	0	0	1	1	0	0— 4

2-base hit, Bowker. Struck out by Delano, 7; by Sanderson, 4. Wild pitch, Sanderson. Base on balls off Delano, 2; Sanderson, 1.

The new Maine Central R. R. station at the foot of Exchange Street, Bangor, will be opened July 23d.

Tribute of Maine Universalists Erected at Norway Pine Grove Cemetery.

Rev. W. W. Hooper Memorial.

At the session of the Maine Universalist Convention, held in South Paris in 1905, Rev. Messers. F. E. Barton, J. H. Little and S. G. Davis were appointed a committee to receive contributions for a monument in memory of Rev. W. W. Hooper, who for ten years was state missionary of Maine. The committee received $253.00, and with this they have placed on the Hooper lot, in Pine Grove Cemetery, Norway, a neat and substantial monument, a cut of which is given above. The inscription reads:

REV. W. W. HOOPER.
FEB. 15, 1853. APRIL 16, 1905.
FOR TEN YEARS UNIVERSALIST STATE MISSIONARY FOR MAINE.
THIS MONUMENT ERECTED IN 1906, BY THE UNIVERSALISTS OF MAINE, IN GRATEFUL REMEMBRANCE OF HIS LONG, FAITHFUL AND DEVOTED SERVICE.

Brother Hooper was present at the organizing of the Good Cheer Society, and the Universalist Parish, and was in charge of the work here until the present pastor was called.

He was at one time settled at Norway and was well known in Oxford County, and throughout the state. His genial disposition, his patient and persistent efforts in the trying work of the state missionary, won friends for him every where. He did not spare himself in his work, and what he did for the Universalist faith in Maine, will live in the hearts and memory of our people, and will speak for him through years to come. Time alone can reveal the full harvest of his labors, and future generations will bless his name.

Those who wish to visit the cemetery where the monument is placed, can easily find the lot by entering the gate nearest to South Paris. The lot is a short distance from this gate, on the left as you go directly into the grounds.

Mrs. Hooper sent a letter to the state convention at Biddeford, expressing her gratitude to the many friends of Brother Hooper, for their expressions of regard for him, in the fine testimonial erected to his memory.

J. H. LITTLE.

NORWAY.

E. F. Smith cut his grass this week and it was housed without rain for the second time during over twenty years.

Capt. M. P. Stiles was at Brunswick on Thursday and Friday and Saturday coaching the state rifle team of the State Guards.

W. M. Trembly has the foundation for his new house on Elmwood completed and has commenced on the building.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert H. Williamson and party of Rumford Falls were with their Norway friends for a visit this week. They drove across country in their auto.

Frank Q. Elliott was at the farm this week. He is feeling very well and hopes to further regain his good health during the summer months.

The stores of Prince Sisters and Smiley are closed Friday afternoons for July and August.

The R. F. D. messenger have been granted a vacation of fifteen days during the year. This with an increase of salary is highly appreciated by Uncle Sam's messengers of the postal department.

Ed C. Winslow, who recently sold his grocery business to C. N. Tubbs & Son, has purchased the Frank H. Beck store, corner of Main and Cottage Streets, and will convert it into a first class grocery store. Mr. Beck will establish his business in the old Bennett store, recently occupied by George Kennerson, at the corner of Main and Bridge Streets.

Dr. L. Hall Trufant of Auburn was in town Thursday. He will locate in Norway in case he can find suitable accommodations for himself and a good office. Dr. Trufant is well recommended by those who ought to know.

Moses P. Stiles has sold the L. L. Howard property on Pike Hill, consisting of residence and stone quarry, to the Ulmer Installment Corporation of Norway. It will be improved and placed upon the market as a very valuable property.

Mr. Howard, now of Portland, was in town the last of the week.

John E. Stephens of Rumford Falls, on his return from Bridgton, where he delivered an auto to purchasers, made a few calls in town Thursday.

Almon Everett has taken down his old house on Water Street and has erected a modern building in its place. He intends to have it completed in a few weeks.

Nearly opposite Mr. Everett's place Mr. Wm. F. Durrell has well under way a house where he will make his home. Mr. Durrell has one of the best lots on the street and his dwelling will be one of the most attractive when completed.

Mr. Frank E. Wood, injured while at work on the bridge on Pleasant Street, something like a year ago, has received from his insurance, some over five hundred dollars. At the March meeting, this year, the town also gave him several hundred dollars.

Emma Abbott and Allie Buck are enjoying their vacation from Smiley's store in Lovell and Fryeburg.

Frank Oxnard has moved from West Medford, Mass., onto the H. C. Oxnard farm in the Ryerson neighborhood. Horace C. Oxnard has moved from the farm onto the Dr. S. A. Bennett place, Crescent Street, in the village.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren Hills of Union, after a ten day's visit with his son and wife, Mr. and Mrs. V. W. Hills, returned to their Union home, Wednesday.

It is reported that Mrs. George Swift, who broke her ankle on the grand stand a short time ago, will institute an action against the society for damages caused by the rotten and defective condition of the planking which it is alleged caused the accident.

Hortense G. Gregg, for sometime librarian at the Norway Public Library, has returned from a visit with her father, William Gregg, at Andover.

Bertha Mann is at home for her summer vacation. Miss Mann is engaged in teaching at Lebanon, N. H.

The bright yellow and red cart that made its appearance on the street this week belongs to the "Norway Bakery."

Arthur Sanborn, while at work in the shoe factory, Wednesday, had his hand caught in a belt and two fingers crushed.

Agnes E. Sanborn enjoys the summer vacation from her school at Newtonville, Mass., at her parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. S. Sanborn's.

Rev. S. G. Davis, Della Noyes and Elsie A. Favor attended the Young People's Christian Union convention held in Boston July 10-17.

The following members of Co. D, 1st Regiment, N. G. S. M., have been promoted, viz.: Sergt. F. F. Swan to Quartermaster Sergeant; Corpls. H. L. Chandler, A. L. Wyman and Guy Stevens to be Sergeants; Privates E. J. Boucher, C. H. Pike, T. M. Twitchell and Freedom Strout to be Corporals.

At the Universalist church Sunday was children's Sunday. At the close of the morning service Rev. S. G. Davis baptized the children, viz.: John Francis Leavitt, Houghton Kimball, Doris May Brooks, Roswell DeCoster, Henry Cummings Cullinan and Zilpha May Bicknell. The evening services consisted of readings, recitations and concert by the young people.

The Heywood Club dedicated their new hall on Crockett Ridge Wednesday evening. Supper was served for nearly three hundred. The supper and entertainment were followed by a dance. The programme was:

Music—Quartette.
Mr. and Mrs. Fred Noble, Nathan A. Noble and Lena Noble.
Dedication Address, ... C. P. Barnes, Esq.
Music—Quartette.
Reading, ... Dr. Annette Bennett.
Recitation, ... Wilfred Hersey.
Music—Quartette.
America—By all present.

Mr. and Mrs. Randall O. Porter will spend their vacation in Massachusetts.

Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Stearns of Hot Springs, Ark., are with relatives in this section.

The E. N. Swett Shoe Co. call your attention to comfort shoes. Look for their advertisement.

Base Ball.

NORWAY 5; SOUTH PARIS 3.

South Paris was defeated for the second time in the Oxford County league by Norway at the fair grounds Saturday afternoon in a red hot game by the above score. The game was a great battle from start to finish, and for the first seven innings, Paris gave Norway a bad scare, and led up to that time. During this time, with defeat staring them in the face, the Norway rooters kicked like a lot of school boys, but as soon as Norway took the lead, everything was lovely and not a kick was made. It is impossible for any fair umpire to give satisfaction to the Norway gang who occupy the sideline near first base, when an opposing team is in the lead, for they are not willing to take their share of close decisions but want to be favored on them all. Record has given excellent satisfaction with the Norway supporters in previous games, which they have easily won, but as soon as they see a chance of defeat, they begin to roast the umpire.

It was again necessary to change the make up of the Paris team. Titcomb, who has been playing a fine game at second, was ill and Parlin took his place, having had no practice on second he made three very costly errors. Rawson, a high school man, was used at short and played a nice game, he accepted four out of five chances, his only mistake being a low throw to first.

Rich and Cole were the opposing pitchers and the former had a little the best of it; he held Paris to three scattered hits, but like Cole, suffered by poor support at critical times. Cole held Norway to three hits in the first six innings but the work of the Paris team in the sixth inning was enough to discourage any pitcher, and in the seventh inning Norway succeeded in bunching four hits.

Neither team was able to score until the third inning; in this inning, Rich hit Rawson, the first man up; Shaw singled and Hayes let the ball get by him, Rawson scoring and Shaw reaching third. Cole hit to Pike who caught Shaw between third and home and he ran up and down the third base line until Cole had nearly reached third, when Perkins threw the ball over Price's head and both men scored. Paris only got as far as second after this inning.

Norway could not score until the sixth inning. Libby, the first man was safe on Parlin's error; Hayes was out trying to bunt on the third strike; Gammon hit to Cole and Libby was out at third; Jordan got a pass to first; Pike hit to Rawson and was safe on his poor throw, Gammon scoring; Anderson sent out a fly to Spring who dropped the ball, Jordan scoring. Perkins was out Parlin to Hebbard.

In the seventh, Norway won the game on a triple, a double, two single and Clark's error, all of which gave them three runs. The score:

NORWAY.

	A B.	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Price, 3-b.	4	1	2	1	0	0
Libby, l.f.	4	0	0	0	0	0
Hayes, c.f.	3	1	1	1	0	1
Gammon, 1-b.	4	2	1	10	0	1
Jordar, 2-b.	3	1	1	3	3	1
Pike, s.s.	4	0	1	1	1	0
Anderson, r.f.	4	0	1	2	1	0
Perkins, c.	4	0	0	8	1	1
Rich, p.	4	0	0	1	2	0
Totals,	35	5	7	27	8	4

SOUTH PARIS.

	A B.	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Shaw, l.f.	4	1	2	1	0	0
Cole, p.	4	1	0	1	1	0
Hebbard, 1-b.	4	0	0	9	0	1
Lowell, 3-b.	4	0	1	3	1	0
Wheeler, r.f.	4	0	0	0	0	0
Spring, c.f.	3	0	0	2	0	2
Parlin, 2-b.	3	0	0	0	2	3
Clark, c.	3	0	0	6	1	1
Rawson, s.s.	2	1	0	0	4	1
Totals,	31	3	3	*22	9	8

*Price out, cutting first base; Hayes out, trying to bunt on third strike.

Score by Innings.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9—Total.
Norway,	0	0	0	0	0	2	3	0	x— 5
South Paris,	0	0	3	0	0	0	0	0	0— 3

Earned runs, Norway 2. Two-base-hits, Shaw, Lowell, Jordan. Three-base-hit, Price. First base on balls, off Rich 2, off Cole 1. Struck out, by Rich 7, by Cole 7. Left on bases, Norway 6, South Paris 4. Double play, Lowell to Hebbard. First base on errors, South Paris 2, Norway 5. Hit by pitched ball, by Rich 1, by Cole 1. Umpire, Record. Scorer, Thayer.

LEAGUE STANDING.

	G.	W.	L.	AVE.
Norway,	5	5	0	1000
SOUTH PARIS,	5	2	3	400
Waterford,	4	1	3	250
West Paris,	4	1	3	250

Next Saturday South Paris will meet West Paris for the first time, the game to be played at West Paris.

Vivian Bearce, the well-known ball player, is at present playing first base for Lewiston in the state league, and is having a lot of good things said about him in the Lewiston papers. If Bearce cannot play first base, or about any other position on the team, to the satisfaction of the Lewiston management, we know of no one who can, as he is recognized as one of the best all-round ball players in this county. As a catcher, he deserves no small amount of credit for making Adams, Oxford's colored twirler, the fine pitcher that he is to-day.

A Safeguard for Every Home.

Even the healthiest people are always subject to sudden attacks of sickness. Often the disorder assumes grave symptoms before medical help can be summoned, and much suffering can be averted by having at hand the right remedy. "L. F." Atwood's Bitters can be depended upon to give speedy relief in many forms of sickness. Sufferers from headache, indigestion, biliousness or torpid liver will find the "L. F." Bitters invaluable. They act quickly and beneficially on the whole system—stop the pain, restore vigor to the tired and overworked digestive organs, remove existing evils and pave the way to sound and lasting health. The "L. F." medicine in the house is reliable protection against sudden sickness. Can be obtained at any druggist's for 35 cents.

Study of Liquor Situation in Maine.

MRS. HARRISON LEE OF AUSTRALIA AFTER THOROUGH INVESTIGATION ISSUES OPEN LETTER TO LAW MAKERS OF THIS STATE.

At the recent convention of the World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union, which convened in Boston, there were in attendance many representative women from many nations of the world. Several of them came to Maine and have been quietly studying conditions and making comparisons between prohibition Maine and license communities as they know them. The opinion of these distinguished and experienced women exactly corresponds with the opinion of the great scientist, Dr. Matti Helenius of Finland, who spent several weeks in Maine last summer and has gone home declaring to his people that he is convinced that prohibition is the only right and efficient law to apply to the liquor traffic. One of the W. C. T. U. visitors, Mrs. Harrison Lee of Australia, who has been speaking in different sections of Maine has felt moved to write an open letter to the law makers as follows:

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE LAW MAKERS OF THE STATE OF MAINE.

Dear Sirs:—I have been in your state for a time, earnestly studying your Prohibitory Law and its effects, and now must write to thank every man who is standing by the "Home protection" flag.

In my world-wide work I have to study high license, low license, municipal management, state control, the Gothenburg plan and prohibition. There is nothing better than the best; and of all the methods of dealing with the liquor traffic the one you have so loyally stood by in Maine for half a century is by far the best.

Failure big and black is written over every attempt to manage the liquor business in other parts of the world. The London Times declares, "We are baffled, bewildered, confounded in all our efforts to regulate the drink."

In my own bright land I am afraid we have been "permitting" the drink to make drunkards, and then, as a people we have had to spend thousands of dollars in trying to undo the mischief. Our revenues are depleted in the vain attempt to rectify the wrong we have done through license. Just one example will prove what I mean. A man petitioned for a wayside license in a bright, pretty agricultural district and succeeded in obtaining it. He paid 10 pounds ($50) for it, so our revenue gained that amount. Six weeks after he opened his liquor bar under Government sanction, the people of the place had to petition for a policeman to be sent there and the government agreed, so every year the liquor man pays in his $50 and every year the policeman comes up and gets that $50 and 50 pounds on top of it and the tax payers have to study a very simple little lesson in profit and loss.

I think we have acted on the plan of the two men who were boasting about their respective parts of your great continent, and one said to the other, "We are going ahead up North, we've just invented a new kind of a sausage machine, you drive the pigs in one end and they come out sausage the other." "That ain't nothin'," said the other with a scornful sniff, "we have a far better machine than that down South; you just drive the pigs in at one end and they come out sausages the other, and then if you have too many sausages you just reverse the machine and they come back pigs again."

In Australia we have some wonderful inventions, and the most wonderful is called "The licensing law of our Christian land." We send the bright boys and the strong men in one end, and some of them come out drunkards the other. Then we reverse the machine, and when we have too many drunkards we put them in to jail to try to turn them back to noble citizens again, and we are all learning that neither your Yankee sausage machine nor our Australian licensing laws can work the reverse way.

Our jails, reformatories, asylums, hospitals and other public institutions are monuments of sin, sorrow and suffering, and are mainly required because of the pitiless drink demon in our land. We have watched with intense interest the growing prosperity and popularity of Maine for 50 years, and encouraged by your evident success, we are bravely trying to crush liquordom out of existence in Australia and New

THE CARE OF LIVESTOCK.

If the testimony of great numbers of the readers of The New-York Tribune Farmer is a fair basis for the formation of a correct opinion, then what is known as its Veterinary Department is everywhere esteemed highly. It is, however, more than a veterinary department. Dr. C. D. Smead, who has had charge of it for more than five years, every week answers very many questions in regard to every variety of livestock known on the American farm, not alone prescribing medicine and treatment, but telling how the diseases might have been prevented, and laying down specific rules for feed and care in health, in sickness and in convalescence. Every farmer keeps some livestock—good veterinarians are scarce.

Each inquirer is fully answered, but Dr. Smead goes far beyond this; he believes that any information which one intelligent farmer needs is also needed by hundreds and thousands of others, and he often so broadens his answer as to make it a complete essay on the subject discussed. A year or two ago Mr. B. Walker McKeen, of Fryeburg, Me., said in a meeting of farmers that a valuable horse had been attacked with a disease of which he had known nothing until he had recently read of it in The New-York Tribune Farmer; what Dr. Smead had taught him enabled him to save his horse. Another farmer arose and said he had had a similar experience. Five or six hundred dollars saved in one town by one copy of the paper! C. C. Waller, M. D., of North Troy, Vt., writes to Dr. Smead, under date of April 23: "I desire to express my gratitude to you through The New-York Tribune Farmer, and to say that I regard you as the most able, practical and thoroughly safe writer of the present age, and to express my hope that you may live to serve the farmer and our dumb friends for many years to come."

The regular price of the New-York Tribune Farmer is One Dollar a year, but we will send it with The Oxford Democrat, both papers one year for $2.00.

Eastern Steamship Company.

Portland Division.

DAILY LINE, SUNDAYS INCLUDED

Portland and Boston.

Fare one way $1.25; Round trip $2.00.

Steamers leave Franklin Wharf, Portland, week days at 7 P. M., Sundays at 8 P. M., for Boston.

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All freight, except Live Stock, is insured against fire and marine risk.

J. F. LISCOMB, General Agent, Portland, Me.

Picture Frames and Pictures, Mats, Mirrors & Mouldings in all Styles.

High Grade Portrait Work in Crayon, Water color, Sepia and Oil a specialty.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

L. M. TUFTS,

Nichols St., - SOUTH PARIS.

Specialist — Specialist

For sixteen years I have fitted glasses to defective eyes and nothing else—that makes me a specialist. If your eyes trouble you in any way, and if you want expert advice in regard to the same, come to the man who is a specialist, who does one thing only. No charge for eye examinations or consultation.

DR. PARMENTER

Eye Specialist, Norway, Me. Tel. 184.

HOW TO TELL IF YOU HAVE WORMS

THE REMEDY THAT QUICKLY EXPELS THEM

The common symptoms of worms in children and adults are:—Paleness of the face with occasional flushing; indigestion accompanied by an unnatural appetite at times; foul tongue and offensive breath; itching nose; vomiting; grinding of the teeth during sleep; swelling of the upper lip; hard swelled bowels; griping or colic pains; also convulsions and many other unaccountable nervous symptoms, which, if not checked in time, lead on to something more serious.

TOOK DR. TRUE'S ELIXIR AND GOT WELL

SOMERVILLE, ME.

DR. TRUE, DEAR SIR:—

"For more than three months one of my children had been troubled with spells of vomiting and symptoms of fever nearly every week, together with canker-sores about the nose and mouth. I obtained, about two weeks ago, two bottles of your Elixir, and before the first bottle was exhausted the sores were entirely healed, and no appearance of his vomiting or fever-spells has ever returned. I really believe that the lives of thousands of children suffering from worms or canker might be saved by a timely and judicious use of your Elixir." Yours truly, J. L. HAMMETT.

This is only one of hundreds of such testimonials. This marvelous remedy has been made and sold by Dr. J. F. True & Co. for fifty-six years, and in all that time nothing but words of praise have been bestowed upon it. This is what Mr. Wing thinks of it.

AUBURN, ME.

DR. TRUE, DEAR SIR:—

"For the past seven years I have constantly kept a supply of your Elixir in my house, and it never failed to give prompt relief. It has been a great blessing to my children, and unsolicited I give you this tribute of gratitude, hoping the merits of your unrivaled family medicine may be widely known and appreciated."

Very respectfully yours, CHAS. E. WING.

Even though worms may not be found present Dr. True's Elixir tones up the stomach and liver. Read what Dr. J. Haley, of Brunswick, thinks of it:

"It is a safe and effectual remedy. For worms it has no equal, and is an excellent remedy for canker of the mouth and throat."

Dr. True's Elixir is sold by druggists everywhere at 25c., 50c., and $1.00 per bottle. The booklet, "Children and Their Diseases," will be sent free by simply addressing Dr. J. F. True & Co., Auburn, Me. We have a special treatment for tape-worm. Send for free book.

RHEUMATISM CANNOT BE CURED UNLESS URIC-O IS USED

Sudden Deaths, Heart Failure and Paralysis Are Caused by Poisonous Uric and Rheumatic Acids

The Rheumatic person is skeptical regarding the claims of almost any remedy advertised as a cure for Rheumatism and one can scarcely blame him for being so. A l the plasters and liniments combined never actually cured a case of Rheumatism. They may relieve it in one quarter, but it is sure to break out somewhere else. The only true way to cure Rheumatism is to drive it from the system, for as long as the Uric and Rheumatic Acid remains in the blood, one is never entirely free from the trouble. This is where the value of Uric-O as a permanent cure for Rheumatism comes in. It seeks out the Rheumatic poison in the blood, muscles, and kidneys, renders it inert and harmless and drives it out of the system. That is why Uric-O is such an admirable and effective cure for Rheumatism.

The chief reason that Uric-O is such a wonderful cure for Rheumatism is, that it is designed and prepared to cure Rheumatism and Rheumatism only. It is composed of perfect antidotes for the rheumatic acid poison in the system. That is the secret of its wonderful success. Rheumatism simply cannot exist in a person's system if Uric-O is used.

Uric-O is sold by druggists at 75c. and $1.00 the bottle, but if you still feel skeptical about its efficacy you can test it free of charge by cutting out this advertisement and sending same, together with your name and address, also the name of your druggist, to The Smith Drug Company, Syracuse, N. Y., and they will send you a sample bottle free. To persons who write and say they have never used Uric-O, and want to test it thoroughly, and will agree to take it systematically according to directions, they frequently give a regular 75c. bottle free. Uric-O is sold and recommended by F. A. Shurtleff & Company, South Paris and West Paris, Maine.

Steam Engine and Boiler

For Sale Cheap.

Second hand, six horse power engine and eight horse power boiler. Call and see them at A. C. Jones' Machine Shop, South Paris, Me.

ALMOST AS GOOD AS A DAILY NEWSPAPER.

The New-York Tri-Weekly Tribune

is a metropolitan newspaper for busy people, almost as good as a daily, and your Rural Free Delivery Carrier brings it to your door three times every week.

It is published on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, and contains all the most important news of The Daily Tribune, which is a guarantee of its value.

If you live in the village or on a farm and have not time for a daily newspaper you may be kept in close touch with all important news of the world at a very small cost.

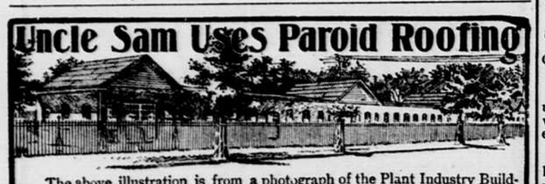
The regular price of THE NEW YORK TRI-WEEKLY TRIBUNE is only $1.50 per year, but you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, The Oxford Democrat,

Both Papers One Year for $2.25.

Send your order and money to The Oxford Democrat, South Paris, Maine.

Your name and address on a postal card to THE NEW-YORK TRI-WEEKLY TRIBUNE, New-York City, will bring you a free sample copy.

Uncle Sam Uses Paroid Roofing



The above illustration is from a photograph of the Plant Industry Building, U. S. Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C. It is located in the heart of the city and is covered with Paroid Roofing. The Government also uses Paroid for stables, barracks, warehouses, etc. It uses Paroid because it finds nothing its equal.

Paroid is the ideal roofing for barns, stables, sheds, poultry houses, warehouses, outbuildings, etc. Equally valuable for roofing or siding. It is permanent in character, is easy to lay, is spark and cinder proof, light slate color, contains no tar, does not crack and does not run in summer.

What is good for the Government will be good for you. Write for free sample of Paroid and see what it is. Also ask for booklet and name of nearest dealer.

Send a 2 cent stamp for book of up-to-date poultry and farm building plans.

S. P. MAXIM & SON, Agents, South Paris, Me.

PIANOS.

The Mehlin, Poole, Merrill, Prescott and The Lauter Player Piano, are all first class, high grade instruments, and are sold for just as low money as they can be sold for the quality of the instrument. Also I have several medium grade pianos. A large stock always on hand. Prices low, terms easy. Send for catalogue and we will try and interest you in the best pianos that are on the market.

W. J. Wheeler & Co.,

Billings Block,

South Paris, - - Maine.

THE PUZZLER

No. 164.—Triangle.

1. Having the form of a solid bounded by six equal sides.
2. A preposition denoting being on the top or outside.
3. A boy's nickname.
4. A preposition denoting within.
5. In crow, but not in hawk.

No. 165.—Mr. Cat's Mystery.

When Mr. Cat saw two letters carved on the trunk of a tree, he knew that his cousin, Mr. Thomas Cat, had cut them there to try to mystify him. By using those letters in connection with some objects in the landscape he found the answer to the puzzle.—New York Tribune.

No. 166.—Diagonal.

● ○ ○ ○ ○
○ ● ○ ○ ○
○ ○ ● ○ ○
○ ○ ○ ● ○
○ ○ ○ ○ ●

All the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the diagonal (beginning with the upper left hand letter and ending with the lower right hand letter) will spell the name of a famous poet.

Crosswords: 1. An evil spirit. 2. A young street Arab. 3. A sweet substance. 4. Stale. 5. To strike.

No. 167.—Hidden Birds.

What bird means to frolic,
What one is called wise,
And which is amusing
To boys if it flies?

No. 168.—Word Squares.

I.

1. Vast. 2. A military firearm. 3. Frequently. 4. Watchful. 5. Bruises.

II.

1. To brag. 2. A fur bearing animal. 3. To make reparation. 4. Understanding. 5. Found in every park.

No. 169.—Acrostic.

First word in each line omitted:
— them, so young and so jolly,
— gayety, heart whole, they meet;
— in frolic and folly,
— their fun loving friends gladly greet;
— happy and bright, like the flowers,
— youth in its beauty appear;
— swiftly the careless bright hours,
—, moments and months disappear.

No. 170.—Historic Americans.

1. A man who was a concession.
2. A man who was a network and to move gently.
3. A man who was a story and an alternative.
4. A man who was honest and also partly maudlin.
5. A man who was an unfinished dance.
6. A man who was a city in England.
7. Cleansing and a measure.

How He Spells It.

"So you go to school, do you, Bobby?" asked the minister.

"Yes, sir," answered Bobby.

"Let me hear how you spell 'bread.'"

"B-r-e-d-e."

"The dictionary spells it with an 'a,' Bobby."

"Yes, sir, but you didn't ask me how the dictionary spells it. You asked me how I spell it."—Tit-Bits.

A Mistake.

"Why didn't you want to go to school today?"

"Because I made a mistake yesterday. I did an example that Johnnie Mulligan failed on."

"But that wasn't a mistake, was it?"

"Yes; Johnnie says he's going ter lick me fer it."—New England Homestead.

Key to the Puzzler.

No. 156.—Abbreviations: 1. Laird, air. 2. Tribe, rib. 3. Villa, ill. 4. Worm, or. 5. Pearl, ear. 6. Theme, hem. 7. Canto, ant. 8. Blade, lad. 9. Grape, rap. 10. Cruet, rue. 11. Grate, rat. 12. Astringe, string. 13. Black, lac.

No. 157.—A Recipe: San Francisco, Valparaiso.

No. 158.—Hidden Names: 1. Bertha. 2. Ethel. 3. Grace. 4. Ada.

No. 159.—Charade: Butter, fly; butterfly.

No. 160.—Letter Puzzle: "A friend should bear a friend's infirmities."

Crosswords: 1. Africa. 2. Ionian. 3. Deaden. 4. Admire. 5. Shield. 6. Bursts. 7. Riffle.

No. 161.—An Old Favorite: Mother Goose.

No. 162.—Double Acrostic: Primals—Primrose. Finals—Hyacinth. 1. Patch. 2. Rowdy. 3. India. 4. Modoc. 5. Rabbi. 6. Ocean. 7. Scent. 8. Earth.

No. 163.—Reversible Words: 1. Brag, garb. 2. Leer, reel.

QUICK RELIEF FOR ASTHMA SUFFERERS.

Foley's Honey and Tar affords immediate relief to asthma sufferers in the worst stages and if taken in time will effect a cure. F. A. Shurtleff & Co.

"Yess," said Mr. Swellman, "I'm looking for a coachman." "Well, sor," put in the applicant, "shure, I know all about horses an—" But have you had any experience with an automobile?" "Not exactly, sor, but I wuz tossed by a bull wanst.

Talk about your breakfast foods,
A thousand you ean see;
I would not have them as a gift,
But would have Rocky Mountain Tea.
F. A. Shurtleff & Co.; O. D. Stevens.

Magistrate—You are charged with being drunk and disorderly; what have you got to say for yourself? Prisoner—Your Honor, my only excuse is that my wife is cleaning house; can't you send me up for ten days?

During the summer kidney irregularities are often caused by excessive drinking or being overheated. Attend to the kidneys at once by using Foley's Kidney Cure. F. A. Shurtleff & Co.

Mr. Winks—(solemnly)—A noted physician says that deadly bacteria lurks in banknotes, and many diseases, especially smallpox, are spread that way.

Mrs. Winks—Mercy on us! Give me all you have. I've been vaccinated, you know.

STIMULATION WITHOUT IRRITATION.

That is the watchword. That is what Orino Laxative Fruit Syrup does. Cleanses and stimulates the bowels without irritation in any form. F. A. Shurtleff & Co.

HOMEMAKERS' COLUMN.

Correspondence on topics of interest to the ladies is solicited. Address: Editor HOMEMAKERS' COLUMN, Oxford Democrat, South Paris, Me

Delicate Dishes from Asparagus.

It seems almost a sacrilege to class this dainty under the same generic term with turnip, carrots and potatoes; still, a vegetable it undoubtedly is, but what a queen of vegetables! Robert Louis Stevenson has celebrated it in verse; Jeaffreson and Brillat Savarin abound in anecdotes concerning it.

The healthfulness of asparagus has long been established by the unanimous verdict of physicians, but that it has also absolutely medicinal properties is not so generally known. One need not be a vegetarian to appreciate the healthful properties of different vegetables and use them wisely and well. A noted physician has said that "if people could and would freely use the helps to hygienic living which nature has put in their way, such as asparagus, lettuce, spinach, peas and tomatoes, together with the fruits of their respective localities, there would be little need of drugs.

TREATMENT BEFORE COOKING.

I will not so insult the intelligence of my readers as to say "Choose freshly cut bunches," for the dullest cook understands the inferiority of stale vegetables of any kind, but it is not always possible to get this, or any other green vegetable, in a state of absolute freshness. If, therefore, any time has elapsed between the cutting and the cooking, cut an inch from the lower stems and stand upright in several inches of cold water until ready to boil. It does not seem to be generally known, since I have never seen it so served on any table but my own, that asparagus should have the hard skin stripped from the stalk. Begin at the bottom and pull toward the tip, using a sharp knife. The tip and green portion of course has nothing to be removed, but if the lower portions are thus treated the entire stock will be edible. Tie the bunches with bands of old soft muslin, then they may be lifted out without breaking or cutting the stalks as cord will sometimes do. Place the heads all one way and trim the bunch to an even length.

BOILED ASPARAGUS.

Set the bunch thus prepared in a vessal of salted boiling wated with the tips just out of the water. The saucepan should so nearly fit the quantity to be boiled that it will be impossible for it to fall down and immerse the tips in the water, which quite spoils their delicacy. A common error is to boil this vegetable too much. It should be rather crisp than mushy. When done lift from the water and lay on a sieve for two minutes to drain. Treated in this way it is unnecessary to serve it on toast, but send it to table in a hot dish accompanied by a sauce of plain melted butter, which will give you the full delicacy and sweetness of the asparagus, or, if you prefer it, serve with a Hollandaise or cream sauce.

SAUTEED IN BUTTER.

If your market-man has the thin green stalks of asparagus, which are really of an excellent flavor, and you wish to purchase them for economy's sake, these will need no peeling. Cut the tender part, which will be nearly the whole stalk, into half-inch lengths, laying aside the heads; cook in salted boiling water and after ten minutes add the heads; cook ten minutes more and drain; melt in a saucepan a tablespoonful of butter, lay in the asparagus and season with salt, pepper, and just a pinch of nuimeg and one of sugar; toss until very hot and serve in a deep dish.

FRENCH METHOD.

Drain and cut in inch lengths some cooked asparagus; meantime fry a teaspoonful of minced young onion in two tablespoonfuls of butter; when tender and yellow but not brown, add three tablespoonfuls of cream and the beaten yolk of an egg; season with salt and pepper; lay in the asparagus and toss till very hot. This may be served on buttered toast that has been quickly dipped in hot milk.

ASPARAGUS PATTIES.

These make a very pretty dinner or luncheon course. Cut into half-inch lengths the tender parts of a bunch of asparagus (you can make a cream of asparagus soup from the remainder), and boil until tender; drain. Make a sauce by bringing to a boil in a double boiler three gills of rich milk and one of cream; beat four eggs until light and smooth and stir them into the boiling milk in this wise: Pour with the left hand a ladleful of it into the bowl of whipped eggs, beating with an egg wisk as you pour, and then turn the whole slowly into the rest of the milk, whisking vigorously with the right hand; take at once from the fire and add a tablespoonful of butter and a seasoning of salt, pepper and nutmeg; add the asparagus and set over hot water again while you prepare the patties, which may be either patty shells set in the oven to get hot, or French rolls or canapes of stale bread. To prepare the rolls, cut a piece from the top so that it can be placed on again, and remove the crum; brush over with melted butter and set in the oven to crisp. Canapes are made from slices of stale bread three inches thick, evenly trimmed, with the crum removed, leaving a square, hollow box. Fill any of these with the mixture and serve immediately.

ALA FRIBOURG.

This is a nice accompaniment to veal in any form. Boil and drain some asparagus and lay heads all one way in the dish in which it is to be served, sprinkling each layer with grated Gruyere cheese and pour over all four tablespoonfuls of very hot, almost browned butter.

ASPARAGUS PUDDING.

This is almost a dinner in itself. Boil for ten minutes in salted water the tender parts of two bunches of asparagus, first cutting into inch bits; drain; beat four eggs thoroughly, add two tablespoonfuls of minced boiled ham, one of melted butter, the drained asparagus, a small cup of sifted flour and milk enough to make a batter as for boiled puddings. Boil for two hours in a buttered mold and serve with cream sauce.

ASPARAGUS SOUPS.

There are many ways of making this soup, but here are three of the best. Cut the heads from a bunch of asparagus and cook the stalks (peeled) until you can mash them through a sieve; to a cupful of this pulp add a pint of the water in which the stalks were boiled; one pint of milk and one large tablespoonful each of butter and flour rubbed to a paste over the fire and diluted with the milk; season with salt, pepper, and, if liked, nutmeg and add the tips which have been boiled and drained.

A gill of cream and four of milk, with two of the water in which the asparagus heads were boiled makes a richer soup; the heads may be served in an omelet or en petit pois, and croutons served with the soup.

Still another way is to cook till tender the best part of a bunch and add it to three pints of veal or chicken broth with a gill of cream and a thickening of butter and flour.

ASPARAGUS SALADS.

It is when served as a salad that your true epicure finds his greatest enjoyment. As soon as boiled lay in very cold water to preserve the plumpness and natural color. The French serve with a simple dressing of oil, lemon juice, salt and pepper. It is also excellent with a mayonnaise. Dice of young carrots cooked until tender may be mixed with the asparagus, in which case the latter should have been cooked in short length.

At Nice an asparagus salad is served with the following sauce: Rub through a sieve the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs; add one beaten raw egg-yolk, salt, pepper and a little made mustard, and then, stirring very slowly, a gill of table oil; finish with two teaspoonfuls of vinegar or one of lemon juice and two of finely minced green herbs, parsley, tarragon, chives, and shallot.

ASPARAGUS OMELET.

There is no more delicious breakfast than an asparagus omelet with thin rashers of boiled ham. To an omelet of four eggs that is just ready to be serve, add four tablespoonfuls of tender, diced and cooked asparagus, heated in a little butter and season with salt and pepper. —Alice Chittenden in The Designer.

The Salvation of Work.

Harry Thaw's mother ruined her son when she changed the will of the boy's father. The latter left the spendthrift $2500 a year. Mrs. Thaw changed it to $80,000 a year. It was a case of too much mothering. She put a handicap on her son's life, cheated him out of his chance. Young Thaw never had the satisfaction nor the experience of earning an honest dollar. He never knew the keen joy of work. The exultation of the youth who turns from a wood-box filled or a lawn mowed—a job well completed—never came to him. He was denied the opportunity of labor with his hands or the working out of an idea with his head. The natural enthusiasm of application was a stranger to his life.

The curse of idleness was upon him. For idleness is a curse. The dictum that man must earn his bread by the sweat of his brow is not a curse, but a blessing. Work is the universal law of nature. It is the normal, sane business of man. What could be expected of a young man who had more money than he knew how to spend and who made diversion his only purpose?

There's a limit to having a good time. When you get so far, natural pleasures pall, and if the human has no occupation the craving for new emotions begins to pull on the appetite. Self-restraint is overborne. Life is warped. Tastes are vitiated. Existence is artificial and false.

No man can live a sane existence without some healthy occupation. We are built that way. The wisdom that is divine made us for a task. To refuse the task is to go to war with that wisdom. Work and purity and sanity are a logical trinity.—Ex.

Flirting.

Flirting is a system of signals designed to take place between two persons, in order to conceal from each other their preferences.

Flirting is not always successful. It frequently ends in marriage.

Flirting is undoubtedly an art, and yet there seems to be no hard and fast rule to govern it. As a game, the only rule is that each shall cheat the other as much as possible. It is a gamble, and yet one in which the probabilities are that both players will lose everything. While extremely social in its nature, it does not seem to follow the laws that control society. There is organized labor, but no organized flirting—except at seaside resorts.

Flirting is not restricted to beautiful women and handsome men, but is free to all. A real homely girl, with an acute attack of brains, is often more successful at it than a human doll.

It takes two to make a flirtation—the flirter and the flirtee. Sometimes two flirtees get together and then no flirtation is possible. With two flirters there is always something doing, but the greatest fun is between a flirter and a flirtee, when the former is a woman.

Flirtations are common only to inhabited countries. They usually take place anywhere from 12 o'clock at night to 12 o'clock the next night.—Life.

Couldn't Fool Him Twice.

The heavy clouds where massing in the west, the lightning was flashing, and the thunder was rumbling ominously. The fond mother gathered her young hopeful to her, and tried logically to calm his fears.

"There's no danger, dear, God sends the thunder storm to clear the air, water the flowers, and make things cool. You mustn't be frightened. It won't harm you, and everything will be better when it's over."

The little chap listened intently, and when his mother finished he looked at her quizzically.

"No, no, mamma," he murmured; "you talk exactly the way you did last week when you took me to the dentist to have that tooth pulled.—Ex.

"That chorus girl," said the baldheaded man in the front row, "acts as if she had something on her mind."

"Which girl do you mean?" asked his companion.

"The chunky little one, there at the end."

"Perhaps she is modest and feels that she ought to have something on somewhere."

G. B. BURHANS TESTIFIES AFTER FOUR YEARS.

G. B. Burhans, of Carlisle Center, N. Y, writes: "About four years ago I wrote you stating that I had been entirely cured of a severe kidney trouble by taking less than two bottles of Foley's Kidney Cure. It entirely stopped the brick dust sediment, and pain and symptoms of kidney disease disappeared. I am glad to say that I have never had a return of any of those symptoms during the four years that have elapsed and I am evidently cured to stay cured, and heartily recommend Foley's Kidney Cure to any one suffering from kidney or bladder trouble." F. A. Shurtleff & Co.

"Miss Kittie," said the new doctor, "your trouble is merely indigestion. We can fix that. By the way, have you been doing any dieting?"

"I don't know," answered the little girl. "The other doctor has been making me eat all sorts of things that I just hate."

"Then you're dieting, all right."

What is a cold in the head? Nothing to worry about if you treat it with Ely's Cream Balm as soon as you begin to sneeze and snuffle. Neglected, the cold may grow into catarrh, and the air-passages be so inflamed that you have to fight for every breath. It is true that Ely's Cream Balm cures catarrh, promptly and certainly. But you know the old saw about the ounce of prevention. Therefore use Cream Balm when the cold in the head shows itself. All druggists, 50c., or mailed by Ely Bros., 56 Warren Street, New York.

"Moving?" inquired a neighbor as a furniture van stopped in front of Kerlect's house. "No, indeed," replied Kerlect. "A friend wants to borrow our collection of souvenir post cards."

WAS IN POOR HEALTH FOR YEARS.

Ira W. Kelley, of Mansfield, Pa., writes: "I was in poor health for two years, suffering from kidney and bladder trouble, and spent considerable money consulting physicians without obtaining any marked benefit, but was cured by Foley's Kidney Cure, and I desire to add my testimony that it may be the cause of restoring the health of others." Refuse substitutes. F. A. Shurtleff & Co.

She—I hope, dear, that you are not going to worry about my exceeding my allowance this time. He (brightening up)—You don't mean to tell me, dearest, that there isn't any necessity for it. She—Certainly not. What's the use of worrying something you can't help.

Columbus just landed; meeting a big Indian chief with a package under his arm, he asked what it was. "Great medicine, Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea," said the Injun. 35 cents, Tea or Tablets. F. A. Shurtleff & Co.; O. D. Stevens.

"He said I had a face like one of Raphael's angels," said the blonde, with ill-concealed satisfaction.

"Oh, well, the faces of Raphael's angels were all painted, you know," replied the jealous little brunette.

WAR AGAINST CONSUMPTION.

All nations are endeavoring to check the ravages of consumption, the "white plague" that claims so many victims each year. Foley's Honey and Tar cures coughs and colds perfectly and you are in no danger of consumption. Do not risk your health by taking some unknown preparation when Foley's Honey and Tar is safe and certain in results. The genuine is in a yellow package. F. A. Shurtleff & Co.

"I admit I have the fault you mention," said the conceited man, self-complacently, "but it's the only fault I have, and it's a small one."

"Yes," replied Knox, "just like the small hole that makes a plugged nickel no good."

Your brain goes on a strike when you overload your stomach; both need blood to do business. Nutrition is what you want, and it comes by taking Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. 35 cents, Tea or Tablets. F. A. Shurtleff & Co.; O. D. Stevens.

The Lost Ruby Breastpin

It is a dreadful thing to live in the house with a thief and worse not to know who the thief is. Dorothy and Mabel had tried over and over to solve the mystery. There seemed to be no solution to it. The mystery was this: One day in the winter a cousin of mamma's, a very beautiful young lady, had come to visit at the house. When she was dressing for dinner, she carelessly left a valuable ruby pine on the dressing table. After dinner the pin was not there.

Such a hubbub as Cousin Gladys created. She cried and cried and almost had hysterics, for the pin was her most cherished treasure. It had been given her by her grandmother, whose grandmother had in turn given it to her, so you see it was very, very old and valuable.

It was out of the question to accuse either Maria or John of dishonesty, for both were as honest as the day is long. Duke had been the soul of honor ever since he had been an inmate of the household, and what would a small fox terrier want of a large ruby breastpin anyway? Topsy had denied any knowledge of the affair. They could not suspect her. She might have been guilty of stealing a piece of fish or a mouse, but what would a cat want to steal rubies for?

BOTH GIRLS LAUGHED AT THE ANTICS OF DUKE.

The only possible solution was that some one had entered the house while the family was at dinner, stolen the pin and gone off without being seen. If there had only been footsteps in the snow to trace the thief, but there was no sign.

So the matter was dropped entirely, except by the children, who had created wonderful tales about the loss of the ruby.

One beautiful June day Mabel and Dot had a "bubble bee" all by themselves. Harold—disagreeable boy!—had gone off fishing and refused to take any girls. He declared they were "always in the way."

"I'd rather blow bubbles with my new pipe anyway," said Dot airily as Harold went down the walk. There was a suggestion of a sob in her voice, but she held her head high. Mabel said not a word. One thing she did love, and that was to fish. Duke pushed his cold little nose comfortingly into her hand. He liked to go fishing, too, but blowing bubbles was very fascinating, especially with the new colored bubble soap, and it was not long before the two little girls were happy again, and Duke was wild with delight. As each bubble grew bigger and bigger Duke barked louder and louder and begged that one should be given him to play with. But for little dogs bubbles are poor playthings and last but a minute. It required great attention on the part of both blowers to prevent their work meeting instant destruction.

Dot blew the best—there was no question of that—but Mab's bubbles seemed to last longer, and it was one of Mab's that went bouncing along on the breeze, with Duke in hot pursuit. Both girls were laughing merrily at the queer antics of Duke and his plaything when the bubble descended, and Duke pounced upon his prize. Of course it burst at once, and the dog jumped back, with a sneeze. Then, seizing something with his teeth, he sprang back.

"Poor old Dukey!" cried Dot. "I'll blow you one just as big. Just watch!"

But Duke was not interested in bubbles. He had found another plaything.

"Oh, drop that old stick and come along!" cried Mabel. "See, Duke—see the nice big bubbles! Catch it, sir—catch it!"

But Duke would pay no attention.

"I believe he has something alive," said Dot. "Perhaps it's a poor, dear little toad. Oh, Dukey, aren't you ashamed of yourself?"

Duke wagged his tail, not a bit ashamed, and deposited at Dot's feet a queer and dirty object.

"It isn't a toad," said Dot. "It's only an old— Why, Mabel Eloise Fletcher, it's—it's"— And Dot gasped in amazement at the object in her hand.

"It's Cousin Gladys' lost ruby pin!" shouted Mabel. "Where under the sun did it come from?"

Pipes were dropped in a hurry, and the two little girls stood and gazed at each other in silence. Duke was jumping impatiently for his plaything. Then Mabel looked up at the house. The window in the spare room where Cousin Gladys had slept was open, and the ruffled white curtain blew gently in and out. As they stood spellbound the curtain blew in toward the table and out again, and on the edge of the ruffle was a scrap of paper, which fluttered slowly to the ground.

"Ah!" said Dot softly. "I see the thief!" And then they rushed indoors to tell the news.

Great good news it was too. The ruby pin had apparently been caught by the same curtain and gently deposited outside on the ground, as the scrap of paper had been, and there it had lain hidden in the snow and mud and new spring grass.

Cousin Gladys received a telegram that afternoon, and in reply this letter came:

"My Dear Little Cousins, and Duke, Too—I am so happy to hear that my treasure has been found that I want it at once. And I want you to bring it to me and to spend a week with me in the city—all three of you. So ask your mother to pack your trunk, tell your father to put you safely on the cars, and I will meet you. We will have a jolly good time, and you will be here just in time to be bridesmaids at my wedding, for which you will each have a pretty new frock presented to you. I won't take 'no' for an answer."

Soon after the receipt of the letter two very important looking little girls and an equally important little dog started for the city, leaving Harold on the station waving an envious goodby.

"Isn't it fortunate," sighed Dot as they settled back in the big cushioned seat, "that we didn't go fishing that day?"—Washington Star.

Sources—A Dinner Game.

Sources is a game that can be played where the children are of several different ages. The scene of activity is the dinner or luncheon table, but the fun in the play is made by the edibles the youngsters ask to have passed them, for when a boy or girl requests another to hand the bread, salt, etc., if he or she cannot satisfactorily answer the question the latter asks about the dish the food wanted is not passed unless another child is appealed to and another question answered.

When one child asks for the salt, another may say, "Where does it come from?" Unless he or she can answer this she must eat her food unsalted or appeal for another question from a different youngster who is within polite reach of the salt. This boy or girl may ask how it is made. If he or she can answer this, the salt is passed. When Grace wants some oatmeal, Alfred may have his chance at revenge by asking, "How long do you cook it?" Smaller children can well be included in this game. A little boy or girl may be asked to spell sugar or tell one thing about butter before she can have it on her bread. She can say it is made in a churn or that it is yellow.

His Bravery.

Said Polly Prue to Billy Bragg
While walking in the zoo,
"If you should see a big black bear
Would you be frightened too?"

"Huh! I guess not!" said Billy Bragg.
"I'd show him a thing or two.
I just wish one would come along,
I would show you what I'd do."

Down the path came a big black bear;
'Twas only a tame bear, too,
But fierce enough to scare him quite.
And away like a flash he flew!

Said Polly Prue to Billy Bragg:
"Quite all you said was true.
Your wish was surely gratified,
I saw what you would do!"
—Youth's Companion.

His Poem on a Dog.

The ethereal being with the unshorn locks was shown into the editorial sanctum.

"I have written a poem on the dog," he said.

"Whose dog?" demanded the editor fiercely.

"It is not on any particular dog," faltered the poet.

"Do you mean to say that you took advantage of the dog because it was not particular and wrote your poem on it?"

"I am afraid that you do not understand me. I was inspired by the dog's fidelity—"

"If the dog was faithful, why should you hurt its feelings by writing a poem on it? Did you have the poor brute shaved and tattoo the verses on its back, or did you brand them on? Perhaps you"—

But the poet had fled.—London Tit-Bits.

Traveling Sand Hills.

On the coast of Pomerania there are large tracts of sand heaped up by the wind, hundreds of yards in breadth and from 60 to 120 feet high, and these hills, propelled by the wind, move steadily in an easterly direction. The speed at which these great hills travel is from thirty-nine to fifty-six feet a year. Pine woods, which sometimes come in their line of march, cannot stop them and are completely destroyed. The branches are rotted off by the sand, and nothing is left of the trees but the bare stems, which after a few years wither and die.

One Source of News.

For many years a certain New York paper received society and club gossip from a man whose identity was concealed by a clever ruse. Even his checks were made out to his wife in her maiden name. He furnished information about the doings and wrangles in various clubs—little stories involving people whose names are known by reputation to practically all readers of newspaper columns. He is said thus to have averaged an income of about $10 a week—not much, but enough to buy hats, gloves and canes. He was a most immaculate and apparently prosperous person. It is needless to say that he has never been suspected of this small traffic. A wealthy relative died and left him independent. When some such man furnishes the clew to a delectable scandal he has done a stroke of business that will keep him in small luxuries for months to come.—Whitman Bennett in Bohemian.

A Crowd Is Not Company.

But little do men perceive what solitude is and how far it extendeth, for a crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinkling cymbal where there is no love.—Bacon's Essay on "Friendship."

A Good Point.

Prospective Purchaser—I like the looks of this automobile, but suppose I should run over some one and— Salesman—The springs are so easy, sir, you'd scarcely be jarred at all.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Right Help For Headache

Sherman, Me., Aug. 13, 1906.
"I have used the 'L. F.' Bitters with success for years. They are the only thing I can find to help me when I have an attack of headache."
Respectfully yours,
Mr. George Kneeland.

When sickness comes a dose of "L. F." Atwood's Bitters will work wonders toward making a recovery. They act quickly and beneficially on the whole system, purifying blood, strengthening stomach, cleansing bowels. 35c. at druggists.

Next Sunday

— EXCURSION TO —

RANGELEY LAKES

— VIA THE —

MAINE CENTRAL R. R.

		To Oquossoc and return
Lewiston, leave	7.25 A.M.	$2.00
Poland,	8.06 "	2.00
Mechanic Falls,	8.14 "	2.00
Buckfield,	8.40 "	1.75
Canton,	9.03 "	1.50
Dixfield,	9.26 "	1.25
Rumford Falls,	9.40 "	1.00
Oquossoc (Rangeley Lakes),	11.05 "	0.00

Connection is made at Oquossoc with steamers to and from Rangeley, giving time for a beautiful sail the entire length of Rangeley Lake and 3 hours for dinner at Rangeley Lake House and sight seeing.

Fare from Mechanic Falls to Rumford Falls and return $1.05. Returning train leaves Oquossoc 3.35 P. M., arriving at Lewiston 7.05 P. M.

Tickets at one fare the round trip will also be sold from and to intermediate stations where trains are scheduled to stop. Passengers from line of Grand Trunk R'y can connect with this excursion at Mechanic Falls both going and returning.

GEO. F. EVANS, Vice President and General Manager.

F. E. BOOTHBY, General Passenger and Ticket Agent 25-31

Help the Horse
No article is more useful about the stable than Mica Axle Grease. Put a little on the spindles before you "hook up"—it will help the horse, and bring the load home quicker.
MICA AXLE GREASE
wears well—better than any other grease. Coats the axle with a hard, smooth sur